Joseph D Armitage

The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. V—NO. 15. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1877. WHOLE NO. 268.

Philadelphia.

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East Side, Four doors above Girard Ave., PHILADELPHIA.
A full assortment of Umbrellas. 21

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Branson KNITTING Machines.
157 N. Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
PRICE LIST.

No 1 Machine, with	60 Needles,	$10.00,	formerly	$20
No. 2 "	" 72 "	11.00,	"	23
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11 (Six extra needles sent with each Machine.)

REATH R. BAYLEY,
ONE PRICE
HAT AND CAP STORE,
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Hats, Caps and Straw Goods. Satisfaction given or money refunded. 9

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PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,
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8 Card Photographs for ....50 Cts.
4 Fine Card Photographs for ....50 "
6 " " " $1.00
6 Finely Finished Photographs for 1.50
Life size Pictures Colored in Water Colors, or India Ink.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. 10

JOHN BORN & SONS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Leaf and Manufactured Tobacco.
Country Stores supplied with
Segars, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco,
977 and 979 NORTH SECOND STREET,
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Also Segar Manufacturers. 663

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OYSTER BAY,
S. W. Corner Second and Church Streets
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CORN HUSKER. Does Three Men's Work. No cold or sore fingers. Can be used with or without gloves or mittens.—TAKEN 6 PREMIUMS—One sample, 25 cts.; two for 45 cts., for $1.00. City Novelty Co. 108 S. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Catalogue free. Agents wanted. 78

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Mutual
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
EFFECTS INSURANCE on Real and Personal Property, on the strictly mutual principle, in Bristol and parts adjacent.
GEORGE W. BRAWN, President.
LESTER COMLY (Byberry P. O.), Sec'y and Treas.
FRANK P. ADAMS, Agent, Bristol.
1085

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FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Incorporated 1825—Charter Perpetual.
No. 510 Walnut Street,
Opposite Independence Square, PHILADELPHIA.
CAPITAL....................**$400,000 00**
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BONDS AND STOCKS
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EXCHANGED FOR OTHER SECURITIES.

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Orders received for the purchase and sale of all kinds of investment securities dealt in at the Stock Exchange, including Government Bonds, State and City Loans, Railroad Bonds and Stocks, &c., &c. 551

MARIS & SMITH,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No. 18 South Third Street,
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GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
GOLD, STOCKS, BONDS, &c.,
Bought and sold on Commission.
Accounts of Banks, Bankers and Individuals received on favorable terms 2

$777 IS not easily earned in these times but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. $66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 Outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 744

WANTED MEN. 18 elegant Oil Chromos, 2½ ft. long, and 18 choice pieces of music free, a 16 page paper beautifully illustrated. Mr. Burger earned $56 in two days. Agents average $17 daily. Address, INTERNATIONAL SCRAP BOOK, Philadelphia. 40

POMONA NURSERY. **Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees, Grape Vines and Plants.**
BEST STRAWBERRIES, nine inches around; Great American, Beauty, Cap Jack, and Crescent Seedling.
BEST RASPBERRIES, three inches around; Pride of the Hudson, Henrietta, Early-Prolific, Reliance, and Susqueco.
TEN ACRES yielded $4,338.
FORTY YEARS AMONG SMALL FRUITS, telling What and How to Plant. Illustrated.
Send for catalogue. WM. PARRY,
72 Cinnaminson, N. J.

FRANK P. ADAMS,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
No. 10 Wood Street, BRISTOL, PA.

Bristol.

J. Wesley Wright,
NEXT TO CANAL BRIDGE,
Mill Street,
BRISTOL, PA.,

Begs leave to announce to his many friends and patrons, that he is now ready to commence the

1877. FALL CAMPAIGN. 1877.

Having just received a large invoice of CHOICE FABRICS, suitable for this season's wear.

Comprising some of the Latest Novelties in

Dress Goods

AT VERY LOW PRICES!

BLACK ALPACAS, MERINOES AND CASHMERES.
Black Alpacas, Merinoes and Cashmeres.
Black Alpacas, Merinoes and Cashmeres.
Black Alpacas, Merinoes and Cashmeres.

Black Cashmere at 40c. yard.
Black Cashmere at 68c. yard.
Black Cashmere at 80c. yard.
Black Cashmere at 90c. yard.

Black Alpaca, (good) at 25c. yard.
Black Alpaca at 35c. yard.
Black Alpaca at 40c. yard.
Black Alpaca at 50c. yard.

Large variety of Latest Novelties and Shades in Dress Goods, from 20c. to 50c. yard.

A LARGE LINE OF DOMESTICS.

Muslins and Calicoes.
MUSLINS AND CALICOES,
MUSLINS AND CALICOES,
MUSLINS AND CALICOES,

By the yard or piece, at very low prices.

Good Cotton Flannels, at 8c. yard.
Good Cotton Flannels, at 10c. yard.
Good Cotton Flannels, at 12½c. yard.
Good Cotton Flannels, at 15c. yard.
Good Cotton Flannels, at 18c. yard.

BLANKETS, QUILTS & COMFORTABLES.
BLANKETS, QUILTS & COMFORTABLES.
BLANKETS, QUILTS & COMFORTABLES.
BLANKETS, QUILTS & COMFORTABLES.

Our stock of

WHITE WOOL BLANKETS,

Finer than ever before, at prices that cannot fail to suit.

WOOLENS! WOOLENS!
WOOLENS! WOOLENS!
WOOLENS! WOOLENS!
WOOLENS! WOOLENS!

For Men's and Boy's Wear.

LADIES' CLOAKING in large variety.

WATER PROOFS in Black, Brown and Blue.

Flannels! Flannels!

A full assortment in Scarlet Grey and White Shaker Medicated, Opera and Plaid.

Ladies', Gents' and Children's Merino Underwear,
Ladies,' Gents'&Children's Merino Underwear.
Ladies', Gents'&Children's Merino Underwear.
Ladies', Gents'&Children's Merino Underwear.

Will open this week a large invoice of these goods at extremely low prices.

Laces, Fringes, Ties and Ruffles.
LACES, FRINGES, TIES AND RUFFLES.
LACES, FRINGES, TIES AND RUFFLES.
LACES, FRINGES, TIES AND RUFFLES.

GLOVES and HANDKERCHIEFS.
GLOVES AND HANDKERCHIEFS.
GLOVES AND HANDKERCHIEFS.
GLOVES AND HANDKERCHIEFS.

FINE GERMANTOWN WOOL.
FINE GERMANTOWN WOOL.
FINE GERMANTOWN WOOL.
FINE GERMANTOWN WOOL.

BERGMAN'S ZEPHYRS.
BERGMAN'S ZEPHYRS.
BERGMAN'S ZEPHYRS.
BERGMAN'S ZEPHYRS.

LADIES' UNDER GARMENTS.
LADIES' UNDER GARMENTS.
LADIES' UNDER GARMENTS.
LADIES' UNDER GARMENTS.

Ladies' Night Dresses, Chemises, Drawers, Corset Covers and Infant's Slips.

Table Linens, Toweling and Napkins, Floor and Table Oil Cloth, Window Shades and Carpets.

Oil Cloths 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 8-4 wide.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

In large variety, consisting of China, Stone and Glass Ware, Tubs, Buckets and Baskets.

Fine Groceries at City Prices.
FINE GROCERIES AT CITY PRICES.
FINE GROCERIES AT CITY PRICES.
FINE GROCERIES AT CITY PRICES.

At

J. WESLEY WRIGHT'S,

Next to Canal Bridge,

MILL STREET, BRISTOL.

THE LADY'S DREAM.

BY TOM HOOD.

The lady lay in her bed,
  Her couch was warm and soft,
But her sleep was broken and restless still,
  For turning often and oft
From side to side, she muttered and moan'd,
  And tossed her arms aloft.

At last she startled up,
  And gazed on the vacant air,
With a look of awe, as if she saw
  Some dreadful phantom there—
And then in the pillow she buried her face
  From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,
  Her terror was so extreme;
And the light that fell on the 'broidered quilt,
  Kept up a tremulous gleam;
And her voice was hollow and shook as she cried:
  "Oh me! that awful dream!

"That weary, weary walk,
  In the churchyard's dismal ground!
And those horrible things with shady wings,
  That came and flitted round—
Death, death, and nothing but death,
  In every sight and sound!

"And oh! those maidens young,
  Who wrought in the dreary room,
With spirits drooping and spectres thin,
  And cheeks without a bloom;
And the Voice that cried: 'For the pomp of pride
  We haste to an early tomb!

"'For the pomp and pleasures of pride,
  We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last
  Where yonder cyprus waves,'—
And then they pointed—I never saw
  A ground so full of graves!

"And still the coffins came,
  With their sorrowful trains and slow,
Coffin after coffin still,
  A sad and sickening show;
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt
  Of such a world of woe.

"Of the hearts that daily break,
  Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life,
  That grieve this earthly ball—
Disease and Hunger, and Pain and Want,
  But now I dreamt of them all;

"For the blind and the cripple were there,
  And the babe that pined for bread,
And the houseless man, and the widow poor
  Who begged—to bury the dead;
The naked, alas! that I might have clad,
  The famished I might have fed.

"The sorrow I might have soothed,
  And the unregarded tears;
For many a thronging shape was there,
  From long forgotten years,
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor,
  Who raised my childish fears.

"Each pleading look that long ago
  I scanned with a heedless eye,
Each face was gazing as plainly there
  As when I passed it by;
Woe, woe for me if the past should be
  Thus present when I die!

"No need of sulphurous lake,
  No need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human kind
  Who wanted pity and dole—
In everlasting retrospect
  Will wring my sinful soul!

"Alas! I have walked through life
  Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,
  And fill the burial sod—
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
  Not unmark'd of God.

"I drank the richest draughts;
  And ate whatever is good—
Fish and flesh, and fowl and fruit,
  Supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remembered the wretched ones
  That starve for want of food!

"I dress as the noble dress,
  In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
  In many an ample fold;
But I never remembered the naked limbs
  That froze with winter's cold.

"The wounds I might have healed!
  The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
  To play so ill a part;
But evil is wrought by want of thought
  As well as want of heart!"

She clasped her fervent hands,
  And the tears began to stream;
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,
  Remorse was so extreme;
And yet, oh yet, that many a dame
  Would dream the lady's dream!

THE KIND OF RELIGION WANTED.—We want a religion that softens the steps and tunes the voice to melody and fills the eye with sunshine and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke—a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors and considerate to friends—a religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being cross when dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and door-mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross and amuses the children, as well as instructs them; cares for the servants besides paying them promptly, projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy home like the Eastern fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossoms and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that should interpose between the ruts and the gullies and rocks of the highway of life and the sensitive souls that are travelling over them.

LONGFELLOW'S NEPHEW'S INVENTION.—Mr. Stephen Longfellow of Cambridge, Mass., nephew of the poet, has invented a ship's compass, designed to overcome variations of the needle due to local causes, such as the use of iron in construction or the carrying of large masses of iron as cargo. The bowl of the compass is surrounded by four magnets, which are insulated by means of porcelain or glass knobs so completely that a six-pound magnet placed within a very short distance does not affect them. They are put in slides around the upper part of the bowl of the compass, and, being attached to jointed arms, can be readily adjusted to the plane of the chord in a broken circle, or grouped together on one side of the compass. One of Mr. Longfellow's compasses has been made for him by an optician of this city, and the needle shows practically no deviation when masses of iron are brought near it, although the same masses of iron cause a marked deviation in an ordinary compass.—*Wilmington Commercial.*

GOOD READINGS IF WRONG.—We once heard a colored preacher in North Carolina refer to the words of the Messiah, "Lo, I come," with the comment, "Hear dat, breddren, low I come; not high I come. De Lord Jesus come to de poor and de lowly." There was truth, if not fitness, in that comment. And now the home missionary reports a Wisconsin Sunday-school teacher as giving to her class this explanation of the poor widow's two mites cast into the Lord's treasury: "Now, girls, I want you to understand this. You see, she was a poor woman. It makes me think how my dear old mother used to work late into the night before the old fireplace. And there is no doubt in my mind, girls, but this good woman knit those mitts herself to sell at the store the next day for something to eat; but she cast the pair of new mitts—all that she had—into the treasury from love to her dear Lord."—*Sunday-School Times.*

A STRONG INDORSEMENT.—A man with a long overcoat on and a horsewhip in his hand entered a bank near the post office yesterday, and presented a check calling for $10, which he had received from a commission house.

"Please indorse it," said the cashier, as he handed it back.

"I'll indorse it, of course," replied the man, holding up his right hand as if ready to swear.

"Write your indorsement," explained the clerk, pointed to the desk outside.

"Oh—oh—that's it, eh?" And he went to the desk and slowly and carefully wrote on the back of the check:

"This is awl rite."

When the cashier entered into a clearer explanation the man drew down his hat, got red in the face and growled:

"Darn 'em! They just hate to let a cent slip out o' here, and don't you forget it!"

PLEASANT FOR HARD DRINKERS.—The Louisville *Courier-Journal*, which is published in a State where whisky ought to be good if anywhere, confirms the statement that probably nine hundred and nine-nine gallons out of every thousand that are sold as brandy are made from a vile compound of whisky swill, distilled spirits and chemical abominations, and adds: "And as it is also equally true of whisky, what in the name of goodness are we all to do for something to drink? It looks as if we are to be driven to the pump in spite of us. If the world at large knew of what villainous stuffs brandy and whisky and wines are made of, the present crop of drunkards would be about the last, or at any rate all future crops would be small."

An urchin being rebuked for wearing out his stockings at the toes, replied that it couldn't be helped—"toes wriggled and heels didn't.

THE MILLER OF SCAWTON DALE.

ONE AUTUMN NIGHT.

Had you known Christopher Ringston, the Miller of Scawton Dale, in his prime, you would have concurred, no doubt, in the general opinion that he was as handsome a man as any in Lancashire. He had a fine open countenance, an honest blue eye, and a smile that gladdened the heart within you. As for his strength, one would be afraid to say what feats he had performed in his time, in the way of wrestling, leaping, and tossing sacks of corn over his shoulder. When he married the orphan niece of old Jacob Jennings, a retired lawyer's clerk at Lancaster, every one said Esther Jennings was a lucky young woman, for not only had she got a handsome husband, but a prosperous home of her own.

Scrawton Mill stood in the most picturesque part of the Dale, where the hills rose highest, and the trees that dipped their branches in the mill-stream stood thickest. It was beautiful at all seasons—when the birches and willows were green with summer foliage, and the stream sparkled in the sun; when the leaves were gold and brown in autumn; and when the winter snow was on the fell around, and the big mill-wheel, covered with pendent icicles, stood dumb. Scawton Mill has been sketched over and over again by artists, and has appeared before now on the walls of the Royal Academy, with descriptive lines in the catalogue, no doubt, from Thomson's "Seasons," or Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter."

It had belonged to the Ringston's for three generations, and the quaint, old dwelling-house, connected with it by a wooden gallery that spanned the weir, had been built by Christopher's grandfather, whose initials were carved in the beam over the house-door. Christopher was proud of his home, of his wife, of his two little daughters, and of his business, which throve mightily under his stalwart hand and watchful eye. Had you searched the kingdom through, you could hardly have found a happier man than the Miller of Scawton Dale at the age of forty-two. It was at this period that the tide of his fortunes suddenly turned—how, and through what fatal combination of circumstances, we are about to relate.

One blustering autumn evening, when the wind was rushing through Scawton Dale, in gusts that made the old mill tremble in every beam, and sent the dead leaves flying into the foaming weir, a family party was assembled in the miller's best parlor. The occasion was one of some ceremony, being the anniversary of Christopher's wedding-day, to which festival Uncle and Aunt Jennings had been invited for the last dozen years, but had always sent a refusal; for Aunt Jennings was of opinion that "Esther should have looked higher than Christy Ringston for a husband," and as the wife of a semi-professional man, and the cousin of a Wesleyan minister, had felt that the alliance was somewhat derogatory to the family dignity. But the good-natured persistence of the miller and his wife had at last carried the day, and Aunt Jennings was now sitting, in her best silk gown, at her niece's tea-table, resolved, as she had considerately informed her friends on arriving, "to forget and forgive."

This amiable resolution had been considerably strengthened by the excellent tea and light cakes (made after Aunt Jennings' own recipe) which were prepared for her refreshment. Mollified by these attentions, Aunt Jennings even allowed her to be persuaded to play a game at cards after tea. Christopher knew as much about cards as old Joe, the yard-dog, but he laughed more heartily over the game than any one, and with little Minna, his youngest girl, on his knee, and Aunt Jennings by his side, to superintend his play and put into the pool for him (which she did with a liberality that effectually prevented him ever winning), he was happy as a king.

The wind had never ceased blowing, nor the rain beating against the casement, since they sat down; but no one paid much heed to the storm, save Aunt Jennings, who felt draughts, and shivered, and obligingly informed her friends that she would not live "in that lonesome Dale for the world." As the wind grew worse, and Aunt Jennings was losing, she began "to feel it in her head," she said, and begged leave to retire to the fireside, where, accommodated with a shawl and an arm-chair, she commented to her niece on the inconveniences of the establishment.

"My nerves wouldn't bear a wooden house, Esther," said she; "a chance spark, and you may all perish in your beds any night that comes. And I should never get a wink of sleep these gally nights, for the timber must be getting rotten with age; to say nothing of the waters around you, which may rise any night and sweep house and all away in the dark, as happened last winter at the floods at Wixley, as you know."

At this dismal prospect, little Esther looked alarmed enough, but her sister Minna stared at her aunt with big eyes, and said, "Father will take care of us, and if you're frightened you'd better go back to Lancaster," at which every one laughed—except Aunt Jennings, of course.

That it was a terrible night, even the miller agreed when he went round the premises at nine o'clock to lock up. The weir foamed and rushed, the sky was black as pitch, and the wind bore down from the moorlands above in thundering sweeps. He came in, rain-splashed and wind-blown, declaring "they had got the best of it inside," and set about assisting his wife in her preparation for supper.

Aunt Jennings showed a disposition to revive on the appearance of a couple of roast fowls and sausages on the board; but whilst the miller was carving them, she arrested his hand, and startled every one by exclaiming, "Esther Ringston, what was that?"

As no one had heard anything but the wind, it was naturally suggested it might be that Aunt Jennings heard. But she replied firmly, "No, Esther, that was more than wind," though what more she either would not or could not inform them. It took five minutes and some weak brandy-and-water to restore Aunt Jennings' nerves; but she had begun her supper with an air of appetite, when once more she paused, laid down her knife and fork, and asked (this time in a tone of triumph), "Now then, pray, what was that?"

The singular noise which every one had heard was certainly not produced by the wind; but whether it was a shout, a moan, or a distant cry, no one could say.

"There's somebody on the premises," said the miller, rising; and, as if to confirm the observation, Joe, who lay by the hearth, gave a long growl and pricked up his ears.

"Take the lantern, my dear," cried the wife, uneasily, as Christopher left the parlor; and the company sat in breathless suspense.

The miller was gone so long that every one began to look alarmed. It was suggested that Uncle Jennings should go and see what was the matter; but perhaps he did not hear the remark, for he never offered to stir.

When at length Christopher returned, he was not alone. The shuffling of feet was heard on the kitchen floor, and the miller's voice crying out for some hot ale from the supper-table. Mrs. Ringston snatched up the jug and ran into the kitchen, whither she was followed by her guests, who, standing in the doorway, beheld their host pouring the ale down the throat of a mud-bespattered young man, who was sitting on the settle by the fire, apparently exhausted with battling with the weather.

"Lucky for you, my lad, you stumbled over our berry bushes as you did," said the miller; "a few feet further on, and you'd have been in the wier."

The stranger was in such disreputable plight that a mere glimpse of him was enough for Aunt Jennings, who immediately returned to her supper, bidding her husband do the same.

"It's only some pedler or tramp," said she, "and the fowls are cold already."

Mr. Ringston followed them, for her husband had hurried her out of the kitchen, telling her he "would see after the young man."

They were all impatient to know what had happened when the miller returned; but Christopher did not gratify their curiosity. All that could be gathered from him was that the young man had lost his way on the moors; and guided by the light from their windows, had got into the garden, where he had found him among the gooseberry and current bushes.

"I don't see how we can give him a bed, as we've got company to-night," said the miller, looking at his wife, "but I think I can house him in the mill, if you can spare me a couple of blankets, my dear."

"A bed?" cried Aunt Jennings in dismay, "You surely wouldn't think of it, Esther?"

Even Uncle Jennings was of opinion that it would be very imprudent to take under their roof a stranger "who might be a burglar or a cut-throat for aught they knew." But Christopher only laughed and said, "He isn't one o' that sort, uncle."

The stranger certainly did not look either murderous or burglarious at this moment, as he sat by the kitchen fire to dry his clothes. He was staring at the glow with such a sad and serious face, that little Minna, who had stolen in and was watching him as he sat by the hearth, said, "Are you crying, poor man?" and put her hand gently upon his knee. The young man stooped to kiss her, and they became friends at once.

When the miller returned to the kitchen, he found the child had fallen asleep, and the young man with pencil in hand was sketching her and Joe, the dog, as they lay side by side before the fire. The stranger hastily thrust the sketch-book into his pocket, and rose to follow his host to his sleeping-chamber in the mill.

"Now, my lad, if you can put up with a few sacks and a blanket, you'll not fare badly, I reckon," said Christopher, as they entered the mill. "Folks who cross Scawton Moor in such weather are pretty sure to sleep after it."

The young man looked round on the heavy rafters and gloomy machinery, made still more gloomy by the light of the lantern, and said, "it was like a bit of Rembrandt." What more he was about to say was arrested on his lips by Uncle Jennings' voice in the doorway, asking if he could be of any use. But the offer was quickly declined, and Christopher so unceremoniously hurried him out of the mill, that Uncle Jennings nearly lost his footing and fell into the weir, he always said afterwards.

This was uncivil, but the conduct of the host was even more unpardonable when he returned to the parlor fire. He hardly spoke a word over his pipe, but sat and puffed away with a pre-occupied face that puzzled his guests immensely.

"I only hope it won't turn out that the young man's one o' these incendiaries that we read of in the papers, who go about burning the barns and ricks," said Aunt Jennings.

"Or a Chartist," said Uncle Jennings.

Christopher puffed away in silence. Not an opinion of any sort could be got from him as to the status of his guest. This curious behavior was naturally commented upon by his guests in the privacy of their own chamber. Aunt Jennings had supped heartily and was soon asleep; but Uncle Jennings could not get Christopher's queer conduct out of his head, nor make out why he should try to prevent him seeing more of the stranger.

The kitchen clock struck twelve, and he still lay turning it over, when he was startled by a light shining on the window-blind. He got quietly out of bed, and drawing back the blind, beheld a figure crossing the little wooden bridge that joined the house and the mill. It was the miller, with a lantern in one hand and something that looked like a horse-pistol (but might have been a black bottle) in the other. What could Christopher want there at that hour? Uncle Jennings' curiosity was strongly excited. He slipped on some of his clothes, and, regardless of the weather, stole down the passage, and opened the door that led on to the bridge. The gusts of winds that swept down the Dale at that moment almost carried him off his legs, and he was obliged to cling to the rails. When at last he got across, and applied his eye to the big key-hole, he could see the miller standing over the young man, who was lying on the floor with his face turned away. Uncle Jennings tried hard to listen to the conversation; but the only word he could catch, through the hurly-burly made by the wind, was "money."

As the young man suddenly raised his head, and the light of the lantern fell full upon his face, Uncle Jennings gave a start, and exclaimed, "Bless my soul! it's the most remarkable thing I ever knew;" and, in the agitation of his discovery, he bobbed his head against the door with such a thump that the miller looked round at the noise, and the listener thought it best to decamp, especially as his legs were nearly frozen with the wind.

To have seen Uncle Jennings skip back across the bridge, holding his coat-laps tightly over his legs with one hand, and trying to keep his night-cap on his head with the other, must have been a droll sight. As soon as he got safely back to his bed-room, he beheld, through the window, the miller reappear with his lantern, and a horribly grave face, dragging something after him, which he dropped into the weir. What in the world could it all mean?

With teeth a-chatter, and a cold shudder running through his veins, Uncle Jennings retreated to his bed, to lie awake half the night and dream awful dreams the rest.

TRIED FOR MURDER.

Unpleasant a night as he had spent, it was as nothing compared with the shock that Uncle Jennings received next morning, when he learned at breakfast that the stranger had disappeared in the night and was nowhere to be found.

Uncle Jennings stared at the miller with a look of horror, as he heard his tale, which ran thus:—

Simon Colter, the miller's man, on entering the mill as usual at seven o'clock, had found no other traces of the stranger who had spent the night there, than his unfinished supper and the sacks and blankets on the floor. There were spots of blood on the latter, but as the young man had injured himself in his fall overnight, the miller expressed no surprise at this.

"I suppose," said he, "he took himself off through the window before daylight; but it would have been manners to have stayed to say a word of thanks for his night's lodging—wouldn't it, Uncle Jennings?"

But Uncle Jennings made no reply. He looked so white and disturbed, that his wife felt "sure the Dale was too damp for him;" and the gig was ordered out immediately after breakfast for their return home, no persuasion being able to induce them to stay longer.

"You'll come again next year," said Christopher, as he accompanied his guests to the yard gate; and the kind-hearted host stood with his two little girls, waving a farewell as they drove down the Dale.

But before another anniversary had come round, a great and unlooked for calamity had befallen the Miller of Scawton. How the rumor first got abroad no one could quite trace, but ere long a story was current in the neighborhood, that the young man who had taken shelter in Scawton Mill that stormy night had never gone away again alive. More than that, it was averred that the young man was the scapegrace nephew of old Lawyer Soames, who had mysteriously disappeared from the neighborhood about that very time. It was known that Mr. Walter Soames had quarrelled with his uncle, whose expectations he had disappointed by showing a greater liking for drawing landscapes on canvas, than deeds on parchment; and it was also known that, after the quarrel, Walter Soames had walked out of his uncle's office, vowing he would never return. He had never been seen or heard of since, except by the person or persons who affirmed that he had slept at Scawton Mill that night, from which date all traces of him had been lost.

At first, the dreadful rumor was only obscurely hinted at in private; then it was mentioned confidentially amongst friends; and at last, it was openly discussed by every public-house fireside.

Naturally enough, the last person to hear it was Christopher himself. It came to his ears in an unlucky moment.

One market-day, a dispute about a small matter of accounts arose between him and a certain ill-conditioned neighbor, known as Noisy Norton. Ringston got angry at having his word doubted in a public room (it was the market ordinary of a small inn at Lancaster), and he threatened to turn out Norton, who was insolent and a known bully.

"You're not at the Dale, remember," laughed Norton, sneeringly. "We don't mind your threats here; we've got the law to protect us and aren't to be popped out into the street as you'd pop a man into your mill-weir!"

"What do you mean, you scoundrel?" asked Ringston, all a-flame.

"Why, that young Soames paid dear for his night's lodging at your place."

"Young Soames!" repeated the miller, changing color. "What do you know about —"

He stopped; everybody at the table looked at him.

"Ah! folks shouldn't be so ready to talk of turning respectable men out of a public room; they may get kicked out themselves," said Norton tauntingly.

"They should be ready to stand up for their own good names anyhow," said Christopher, decisively, and he rose up from his seat, and, before he could be prevented, dealt the other a blow which sent him to the floor.

The slanders of a man like Norton would not have much affected Christopher, but it was another thing to find that the suspicions then hinted at were shared by most of his neighbors. Ringston was a good-natured man—"as gentle as a lamb," his wife said, with all his strength and six feet of stature, but when he found out that other people suspected there had been foul play, he was furious.

"Good God, man!" he exclaimed to the neighbor who spoke to him on the subject "do they mean to say that—that *I murdered the lad?*"

It was said, sure enough, and in hearing where it could not be ignored.

Norton took out a summons against the miller for an assault, and next market-day Christopher had to appear before the magistrates. During the hearing of the case, the cause of the quarrel came out, and such extraordinary statements were made by Norton and others, that the magistrates had no alternative but to commit Ringston to take his trial at the next County Assizes on a charge of murder. When he heard it, Christopher staggered back, and turned so white that most persons saw guilt written in his face. As soon as he could speak, he called out to a neighbor present—

"Mr. Wicketts, will you break this to my wife when you get home?—You're doing me a great injury, gentlemen," he added, looking at the magistrates, and then he tried to say more but broke down, and his big frame shook with sobs of grief and shame.

When the day of the trial came, the Miller of Scawton was so altered by three weeks' confinement in Lancaster Goal, that his own wife hardly knew him when he appeared in court. She had been urged not to come by her friends; but she sat just where her husband could see her, for she said "she knew it would keep up Christy's heart a bit if he could rest his eye on her." But it was an agonizing time for them both, and for some hours it was generally thought the verdict would go against the accused.

The principal witness was Uncle Jennings, who deposed to the midnight visit of the mill, to the strange behavior of the miller, and to his disinclination to let any one approach the young man. Uncle Jennings had allowed his fondness for ferreting out facts, and an unlucky legal smattering, to lead him on until he had put together a pretty story, which, however harmless whilst it was conveyed to others by mere hints and head-shakings, was likely to imperil his nephew's neck now that justice had got hold of it.

The other important witness against Christopher Ringston was poor old Simon Colter, the miller's man, who was so anxious to screen his master, and made such contradictory statements about the blood-stained sacks, and a certain hat and coat he had found in the weir next morning, that he was nearly committed for perjury, and was even by some persons suspected of being himself a party to the crime. But startling as was the evidence, it was insufficient to convict the prisoner, whose own story, as told by his counsel, was as follows:—

The young man to whom the miller had given the night's lodging was Walter Soames, who had begged not to be made known to the Jenningses, and for that reason had been secreted in the mill, where the miller had visited him at midnight, with no murderous intention, but to take him food and a change of clothes, his own having been destroyed.

As for a certain tobacco pouch found in Ringston's possession (of which great case had been made by the prosecution), it had been given to the miller by Mr. Soames himself out of gratitude. What had since become of the young man, Ringston could not say. He had advised him to return home, but finding he was resolved not to do so, he had lent him clothes to get away from the neighborhood, and had promised to keep secret his intention of leaving the country. As for harming him, he would as soon have harmed a son of his own. He had known Walter Soames since he was a lad, and often entertained him at the mill when he was on his fishing or sketching excursions.

"The supposition that the miller had, in cold blood, murdered the unfortunate young man, in order to get possession of a sum of money he was known to have about him, was a supposition utterly inconsistent with the known character and antecedents of the man," reasoned his advocate.

So Christopher Ringston was acquitted, but not without many persons questioning the justice of the verdict, nor without, alas! traces of the anguish he had undergone being left upon his character for life.

He went home with his wife, refusing any escort of friends, and said, as soon as he got indoors, that "he would never set foot within Lancaster town again."

When he discovered that little Esther, his eldest child, was staying with the Jenningses, who had come over to fetch her, and had offered "if anything went wrong to provide for her," his face turned dark as night.

"Then she wouldn't stay with thee, like this little lass?" he said, pointing to Minna, who had refused to go. "Then they may keep her;" and he swore that Esther should never come back again.

Poor Mrs. Ringston could hardly believe that the gloomy, silent man who had returned home to her was her own husband. His disposition seemed entirely changed. He no longer took his old interest in the business, but left his wife to manage it. She had to attend Lancaster Market, to buy the corn, to sell the flour—in short, to keep business going. Her spirit was equal to it all, but not her strength. She took cold one winter's day, in driving home through the snow, was seized with inflammation of the lungs, and died within a week.

"Esther," said Christopher to his wife as she lay ill, "did you think, like the rest of 'em, that—that I did it? Speak the truth, my lass, I can bear it."

"Oh, Christy, Christy," sobbed the wife, "ye don't know me better than that?"

He was holding a cup to her lips at the moment; he stooped down and put his own lips there, and said—

"I do know thee, lass, but I wanted to hear it from thee, for there's many as should have been the last to think it of me, did think it—ay, and do still."

Christopher was right. Public opinion had never reinstated him in his old place. Certain circumstances had never been explained, and there remained still the suspicious fact that Walter Soames had never been heard of since the night when he slept at Scawton Mill. Christopher read this in his neighbor's faces, and the effect it had upon him was to change him from a sunny, kindly-hearted man, to a morose and gloomy one, who did not care to conceal from his fellow-men the distrust and contempt he felt for them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THREE WORDS.

There are three lessons I would write—
  Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
  Upon the hearts of men.

Have HOPE. Though clouds environ now,
  And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
  No night but hath its morn.

Have FAITH. Where'er thy bark is driven—
  The calm's disport, the tempest's wrath—
Know thou: God rules the hosts of heaven,
  Th' inhabitants of earth.

Have LOVE. Not love alone for one,
  But man, as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
  Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
  Hope, Faith and Love, and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges rudest roll,
  Light, when thou else were blind.

Some very amusing instances of laconic letters are given. Lord Berkley says to the Duke of Dorset:

MY DEAR DORSET: I have just been married, and am the happiest dog alive.
BERKELY.

And gets for answer:

MY DEAR BERKELEY: Every dog has his day.
DORSET.

A young fellow at college wrote to his uncle, on whom he entirely depended:

MY DEAR UNCLE: Ready for the needful. Your affectionate nephew.

The uncle replied:

MY DEAR NEPHEW: The needful is not ready. Your affectionate uncle.

It is pleasant that affection should survive pecuniary embarrassments, as in the case of Samuel Foote's mother and himself:

DEAR SAM: I am in prison for debt. Come and assist your loving mother. E. FOOTE.

Sam replied:

DEAR MOTHER: So am I: which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother, by her affectionate son, SAM FOOTE.

Aunt Dinah could shout and sing with the best of the church members. It was common at the missionary meeting to sing the hymn, "Fly abroad thou mighty gospel," while the collection was being taken; and Aunt Dinah always threw her head back, shut her eyes and sang away lustily until the plate had passed. The sable collector observed her habit, and one evening stopped when he came to her, and said bluntly; "Look a-heah Aunt Dinah, you needn't be a singin' 'Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,' if you doesn't give nothin' to make her fly!"

This is what the Czar has for breakfast in camp: Caviare, Swiss cheese, sardines, raw herring, and three kinds of vodka; then soup and roast, and black coffee or tea.

THE ROD AND THE GUN.

Matters Original and Compiled Relating to Shooting, Fishing, Natural History, and the Protection of Fish and Game.

NOVEMBER.

Next was November; he full grosse and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
For he had been a-fatting hogs of late,
  That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steem,
  And yet the season was full sharp and breem;
In planting eek he took no small delight:
  Whereon he rode, not easy was to deeme;
For it, a dreadful Centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturne and fair Nais, Chiron hight.
—SPENCER.

In the Woods.

Says that deep thinker and gifted writer, Ralph Waldo Emerson: "In the woods a man casts off his years, as a snake his slough, and at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within the plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith."

NEWPORTVILLE, Nov. 12, 1877.

EDITOR ROD AND GUN COLUMN:—For some time past I have been wanting to write a letter to testify my approbation of your new enterprise in furnishing the "Sportsmen's Column" which treats of matters concerning shooting, fishing, and natural history, including ornithology, and other interesting subjects to the lovers of sport: gunning, fishing, etc., and the law for the protection of fish and game. And although I am considerably over three score years of age, and have not shot off a gun for more than thirty years, yet I read with good zest and real pleasure the exploits of sportsmen portrayed in your columns. I own a farm of ninety-five acres lying directly in this village, and for more than a quarter of a century past I have been much annoyed by gunners and free booters, robbing me of my fruit, and shooting my cats and chickens, and other depredations. At one time I undertook to put a stop to their bad work and got sign boards painted on which were the ominous words: "Gunners keep off these premises," but the signs were all battered down in less than three days, and the gunners were more bold than before, and I had not the heart to make a poor man pay a fine of ten dollars when I knew that his family wanted it to buy bread, and by which I would only increase my enemies. I therefore tacked about and changed my course towards the unprincipled trespassers. I cut down my apple trees to save the surrounding crops, and gave a *carte blanche* privilege to gunners to shoot *ad libitum* all over the premises. This course was most congenial to my feelings because I thought poor men's privileges were too much limited, especially where there was a disposition to do no harm to fences or crops. By this new method I soon gained friends, and instead of a disposition to throw down fences by the gunners, they were sure to put up what they saw down, and injured the crops far less than ever before, so I had gained one good point by being friendly to gunners,—for it seems that the poor class of people gun the most, and they are after the game for food and not only for sport. The present season I had bushels of chicken grapes—but got none. The gunners and others took a small per centage, and the birds got the rest; and for several years past I have been debating the question in my mind whether birds are a benefit to the farmer or not, and as yet have not come to any satisfactory conclusion. I have long rows of cherry trees, and the birds mostly get the largest share of the crop. I am now happy because I am on good terms with the gunners and almost everybody else. A person always feels safe when surrounded by friends, and the contrary when you have secret enemies. In conclusion, Mr. Editor, allow me to congratulate you on your success in this new field of labor. I hope you may continue on to increase the interest felt in the Sporting Columns in the same zeal, by treating in *multum-in-parvo* style on the history of birds and beasts. * * *

Quail Shooting.

When dying nature, like the dolphin, begins to array herself in her brightest colors, memory plays over by-gone scenes of happy autumn days, and there comes stealing over us an intense and irresistible yearning for the field. Our brute friends feel it too. Old Jack no longer casts a sleepy eye upon us and taps out a lazy welcome with his tail on the stoop as we come out. He sits up in monumental importance, watches us with a deep whine of anxiety, cocks his head on one side and the other, as his glistening eye tries to fathom our intentions, and when he sees us take down the gun or the old shooting coat he races, barks, dances and nearly jumps over our head with joy.

I imagine that the longed-for first of November is at last at hand. By sunrise we are in the field. The morning is bright, fresh and frosty, and our nerves all tingle with happy anticipations as we enter a buckwheat stubble bordering a piece of tangled wood. The moment we cross the fence the dogs strike for the field, and take a slow canter back and forth, crossing each other's path at almost regular intervals so as to pass within scent of every particle of ground, but moving steadily ahead. There eyes flash with excitement, and the tips of their tails lash rapidly from side to side. See them slacken occasionally to trot and then to walk as they fancy they smell something suspicious, and give a sniff of extra caution as they approach a clump of briar or patch of weeds.

Jack suddenly stops in full career, raises his nose and falls into a slow walk. His tail, sympathizing with its corporeal attachment, slackens also to a slow wavy motion. Now he stops a moment, takes a few delicate sniffs of the spicy breeze, looks cautiously about him and then at us with an expression which says as plainly as the human tongue, "O. K." Meanwhile Dash is at the other end of the field, tearing about like a lunatic on the fresh trail of that prince of nuisances, the detestable little cotton tailed hare. When they will often make a fool of an old and sober dog what else can be expected of a young one on the first day of his second season? An affectionate fondling with a very impressive pocket black snake restores him to his senses, and he begins to watch Jack with intense interest and almost imitates his motions as he once more moves slowly on.

Jack stops again. This time he drops his head, raises one foot and stops the light, wavy motion of his tail, which now becomes stiff and straight as a ramrod, but quivers faintly at the tip with excitement. Dash stands a few yards behind looking on with gently swaying tail and sparkling eyes, but with no other sign of life. All around us is still as death, except the autumn breeze sighing along the ground, the patter of nut shells which the squirrels fling from the old yellow hickory in the wood, the piping of the robin, squeal of the highholder in the old red gum tree, or the melancholy cry of the bobolink in his altered coat, bidding farewell to his summer home. Few moments of our weary lives are more delightful than this, with every nerve strung to its utmost tension, we are excited in spite of our long experience and our pulse bounds in spite of our effort to be cool and collected. But oh, shame! Our thoughts are earthly and sensuous. We want meat, "and think only of our tooth and the market value of our birds!" Alas! how

"One by one, in turn, some grand mistake
Casts off its bright skin yearly like the snake."

But a few months ago we cherished the fond delusion that we were gentlemen enjoying one of the divinest of earthly pleasures. But we awoke from our pleasant dream to find ourselves ruthlessly consigned to the vulgar herd of meat hunters by that immortal hand that, disdaining the butcher's weapon, slays with the long bow in true godlike style, woodpeckers when "young and fat" and "jucy and sweet," poor little larks for their "exquisitely enjoyable" thighs and unweaned squirrels for their "deliciously toothsome" flesh.

As we we slowly advanced, fourteen or fifteen quail suddenly sprang from a few feet ahead of Jack with simultaneous burst and spin like bullets for the brush. Quick as a flash your eye settles upon a single one; the gun comes to your shoulder; you catch a dim glimpse of the barrel lying in the bird's direction; in a twinkling there is a shock, a report, smoke, feathers flying, something whirling downward. The gun shifted and another bird comes down, bouncing along the ground within ten paces of the first one. And all done in a second! As handsome a double shot as ever was made. I tried the same thing; by my two went buzzing away to the woods without leaving a feather floating on the air.

The dogs remain in their tracks until we load, when we send one for the dead birds and then move on to the woods where our little friends disappeared. On arriving there Dash comes to a point. Just ahead of him from under a knot of tangled cat briars, darts a brown, whizzing streak and vanishes in the thicket. But your eye catches his direction; the gun comes like a flash to the same line; the charge sweeps through to the green briars and dead leaves, and a dull, heavy fall is heard. A fine snap shot that—not done, as some suppose, without any aim, but by an aim dim and indistinct indeed, and quick as thought, but still an aim; a shot requiring the highest perfection of both natural and acquired skill. But no; we are again mistaken, for the lord of the mighty bow has made the discovery—back seats, Newton, Galileo, Columbus and others—that any fool might necessarily hit a quail every time with a wholesale murder dispensary that covers the enormous space of two feet.

Dash brings the bird, and we move on. The dogs beat the ground closely over and over again, but can find nothing more. Can we have mistaken the place, or have the rest gone further on? No, they are probably here, but holding their scent. There is but one way to beat them on this trick—to wait. We will spend about half an hour among the saplings down by the little spring run after woodcock. We do so, and bag five full-grown, strong-winged, whizzing beauties that make us feel ashamed for having killed those feeble little wretches last summer.

As we approach a thicket along the brook Dash begins to draw; and before he can get close enough for a point out bursts two splendid ruffed grouse. Their hoarse, roaring wings carry them like arrows from our sight before we get our guns fairly raised. We catch their course, however, and follow them. Soon Jack draws. Lively now! Have your gun at the hip and your finger on the trigger. Up they spring like a flash about twelve yards from us Both guns crack together, and down comes one within ten feet of the place from which he sprung. The other darts ahead some two hundred yards and lights in a tree, a thing they sometimes do even when not chased or barked at.

Going up to the tree we discover him standing erect and still as a statue near the trunk on a limb about ten feet above us. What a thrill such a chance would send through the gastronomic appointments of the great modern revolutionist! Imagine the wild tumult of tender emotions in his salivary glands as he draws the weapon of the gods at the "rich, white, tender, sweet, luscious, toothsome, delicious, etc.," breast, and with marvellous skill pot-shoots him with an arrow at ten feet distance! Well, let us try him with the unscientific blunderbuss that must necessarily kill in the hands of any bungler. I shy a piece of dead stick at him accompanied with an imitation of his noisy flight. Off he goes with a downward curving rush like the swoop of a falcon. Bang, whang, whang, bang, go our four-barrels, and through the smoke and flying leaves we catch a glimpse of a dim streak fading away in the distance without even a feather for a souvenior.

But it is now time to return to our quail. We will try and make a sure thing of it now. Stopping about one hundred yards from where we think they are, we sit down and I commence the "Autumn call," or more properly, perhaps, the female's call. After giving it a few times at intervals of three or four minutes between every three or four notes, we suddenly hear, right from the place we hunted so closely, the tender, sweet "Kloi—ee—ee, kloi—ee—ee, kloi—ee—ee." Our answer is soon followed by another and soon by several more from the same direction. They are moving now, and we will try them in a few moments.

We do so; and in less than two minutes both dogs are pointing on ground they hunted so carefully about an hour ago. Dash has his head low down and turned toward a clump of dead grass and briars, while Jack is a few yards off, all screwed up in a heap as if on a fall and he had struck an invisible stump and stuck fast to it. Let's attend to Dash first, and you take the shot. Nothing stirs as you walk in ahead of him; but he moves in a step closer, and crawls around to the other side, faintly wagging his tail, crouching low and trembling all over with excitement. You give a kick at the clump; but all is still again except Dash, who this time crawls up until his nose is within six inches of it, and looks nearly crazy with expectation. Another vigorous kick, and Dash, unable to contain himself any longer, jumps in at the same time. Out comes a quail from between his fore paws, twists around your head and buzzes away behind a thick little scrub oak your shot shivers its dead leaves and down he comes.

After Dash brings it we go to Jack who is still keeping his point with the serene composure of a two-pound bull frog on a sunny mud bank. Dash backs him at once. Away go two birds almost from under Jack's nose. No wonder the old chap stopped so quickly. One falls to each gun. On ordering Jack to bring them he does not move, but only turns his head slightly.

"What, still another there?"

It looks like it, certainly. Most any good steady dog will do that sometimes. On kicking around in the direction of Jack's nose another starts from the dead leaves almost under our feet, and wheels quickly upward to the left, while three barrels harmlessly turned the thick brush behind him. The rest of the birds are soon found. As they have all been moving a little the dogs find them at once. While hunting up the last Dash strikes a trail which, from his actions, is evidently that of another bevy that have run in from the stubble where we found the first. On he goes, followed cautiously by Jack, now winding around fallen tree tops, now crawling through cat briars without a whimper, now faster, now slower, now stopping, now creeping on again. On he goes, one hundred yards, two hundred yards, a long trail, but a fresh one. A ruffed grouse bursts with a shivering rush from before him, but he pays no attention. A dirty little hare flirts up from behind a stump in his path, and makes him give an involuntary start, but with a wistful look in the direction of the little woolly-tail he moves straight ahead. On he goes, scarcely moving now, step by step he crawls, with the stealth of the midnight thief, down toward the brook.

Hello! there they are about thirty yards ahead on that little sand bar in the brook, drinking. There are over a dozen. There! they see us now. Hear their little soft, musical "tee—tee—tee—tee" of alarm as they huddle into a beautiful medley of blue tails, white and yellow collars, mottled breasts and rosewood colored backs. What a chance for a pot shot! The mercenary wretch who could fire into them now, would smash up the Venus de Medici for soda water.

As we gaze upon them in admiration they steal gracefully away into the grass along the bank and disappear. We soon start them however and they scatter in a grove of scrub oaks and saplings further up the brook. Here we have a high old time. Every second or third point of the dogs is on a grand old woodcock, who goes whistling up through the trees on a rapid corkscrew course that tries our utmost skill. As we swing from time to time toward the thickets of black haws, and thorn apple along the water, a ruffed grouse scuds away on whizzing wing. Nothing but the liveliest kind of motions will do here. Sometimes we have to drop suddenly on one knee to get even a glimpse of the bird and shoot instantly in that position. A woodcock darts upward to the top of the tree, and just as we think the gun is on him he drops down at a sharp angle. A quail wheels around our heads, and as we whirl quickly around, he darts off through the leaves at a tangent, leaving us to recover our balance as best we may. A grouse goes with so rapid a rush and starts at such a distance that the gun must go off the instant it touches the shoulder or it is of no use. But still we are nearly equal to the emergency. Many a charge goes tearing harmlessly though the brush and scattering flying leaves in vain; but all the greater is the satisfaction when we do hit.

God bless the man who invented quail shooting. Who does not say amen?—*Van Dyke, in Forest and Stream.*

THE LETTER.

There is another sweet as my sweet,
  Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy!
Fine little hands, fine little feet—
    Dewy blue eye.
Shall I write to her, shall I go?
  Ask her to marry me by an by?
Somebody said that she'd say No;
  Somebody knows that she'll say Ay!

Ay or No if asked to her face?
  Ay or No from shy of the shy?
Go, little letter, apace, apace,
    Fly!
Fly to the light in the valley below—
  Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye;
Somebody said that sh'd say No:
  Somebody knows that she'll say Ay!

Some years ago, a Parisian bailiff, dying in extreme poverty, his friends organized a subscription to defray the expenses of his interment; and one of them, who knew Alexandre Dumas *pere* intimately, besought him to contribute something. Dumas, without questioning the applicant as to the destination of the money, instantly gave him a *louis*; on which the other, after thanking him, remarked that the sum was now sufficient to insure poor M— a decent burial. "Ah!" said the novelist "is that what you want it for, to bury a bailiff? Take another *louis* while you are about it, and bury *two*!"

Mlle. Titien's last stage appearance was on the 19th of last May, as *Lucrezia Borgia*. She fainted twice during the performance, in her dressing-room, but she would appear, knowing that she had to undergo a painful operation on the following Tuesday. "If I am to die," she said to a friend, "I will play *Lucrezia* once more." And she did play the part. Those who heard her will always recall her rendering of the despairing cry after *Gennaro's* death. Between one and two o'clock on the morning of her death, the artist called for a glass of milk, which she drank, fell back, and expired.

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THE WAR IN THE EAST.

The latest dispatches from the seat of the war in Turkey, do not change the situation very markedly, though the general tone of them is against the Turks. As to the status in Bulgaria a dispatch says, "The conviction is strong here that Plevna cannot hold out many days. Osman Pasha's men are deserting in large numbers on account of privations and hardships. The Russians have a field telegraph line completely around Plevna, so they can concentrate immediately on any point attacked." Another dispatch says, "It is expected combined operations will be attempted by Osman, Mehemet Ali and Chofket Pashas, upon which the fate of Plevna will depend. The Porte has determined to fight to the bitter end." It appears to be undecided yet whether the Russians will enter upon a winter campaign, and attempt to cross the Balkans by an army sufficiently strong to overcome any force the Turks may be able to oppose to it, and march upon Adrianople. Once in possession of that city there is no doubt but that peace negotiations would be concluded, and the war come to an end, if Russia can get all her demands, one of which, and the most important, will be the free navigation of the Bosphorus for her vessels of war, as all nations now have for their merchant vessels. This will scarcely be yielded by Turkey, in which she will be sustained by England, and probably France, Austria, Germany and Italy, who do not want Russia to loom up as a great naval power, as she will able to do with free and near access to the Mediterranean.

In Asia-Minor, where the Turks have met reverses, they have also had a recent victory. Kars had been formally summoned to surrender but had rejected the summons and resolved to defend the place to the last. An official dispatch from Mukhtar Pasha, dated Erzeroum, Nov. 9, at noon, says, "At 4 o'clock this morning the Russians attacked our fortified position at Azizic. Our troops, fighting with great valor repulsed them and pursued them four or five miles from Erzeroum. The Russians were totally defeated. Our trenches are filled with their dead." Earlier advices received at Constantinople, show that before this success the situation at Erzeroum was very critical. The inhabitants demanded that the authorities should capitulate, the expected reinforcements not having arrived, as communication with Trebizonde was difficult. The Russians have recommenced a vigorous bombardment of Batoum. Another dispatch communicates the following: "Forty of ex-Sultan Murad's servants have been strangled because of a conspiracy to reinstate Murad on the throne. The excitement is increased by the rumor that the Prophet appeared to the Sultan, ordering him to conclude peace." On the whole the news is not encouraging for Turkey.

—At a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Society for Promotion of Agriculture, an outgrowth of the Centennial Exhibition, a committee, consisting of Messrs. Alfred L. Kennedy, M. D.; James C. Booth, Burnet Landreth and George Blight, was appointed to report on the advantage to be derived from, and the feasibility of the formation of, an agricultural station in Fairmount Park, for testing and demonstrating on a small scale the best way of cultivating new and important crops. This could be accomplished by setting apart an area of five or ten acres. The report then gives in detail the manner in which the station should be conducted, and suggests that it should be placed in charge of the society so as to relieve the Park Commission of any additional duty. Above all, there should be an exact record kept of the operations of the station, that is the treatment of the crops, time of planting and harvesting, the yield, &c. The report concludes: "Your committee has dwelt solely upon the advantages of the project. Those which would result to science, and which are equally promising should flow from the gradual development of the plan proposed. This, it will be seen, involves the erection of no buildings, but simply the occupancy of two rooms as offices in one of the structures on the grounds."

—Senator Morton, is is related, could have been a humorist if he had liked. In early life he had the art of being exceedingly funny with a sober face. When he began politics he made at Terre Haute a speech so amusing that its fame spread, and invitations to speak came from all sides. Morton was troubled. "This is something of a hit I have made thus far," he said to a friend, "if I do not permit it to be my ruin. I feel the danger, and I am going to struggle against it. All these invitations have poured in on account of the speech the other night; they all expect something witty. Now, the question in my mind is, whether I have the moral stamina to disappoint them. Only the greatest punsters live to any age, and they are generally cast aside after a few months of amusement, like a child's old doll, and never come out again only on stale occasions for a display on account of what has been. A politician who goes into wit as a regular thing must expect to sacrifice everything else to it. He will gain no reputation as a sound man. He will never get very high in honors. People will not deem the author of witty sayings capable of originating large, solid measures."

—The body of William F. Coolbaugh, President of the Union National Bank of Chicago, was found on the steps of the Douglas Monument in that city yesterday morning, and a revolver with his name on it was found near by. As an examination of the affairs of the bank, just concluded, shows them to be flourishing, and Mr. Coolbaugh seems to have had no financial trouble, either on the bank's account or his own, the suicide is attributed to some other cause.

—Bridget Francis Kennedy was murdered in South Boston last night, while on a visit to her sister. She rang the door-bell and, being admitted, fell senseless to the floor and died in ten minutes. On being examined three stabs were found in her left breast. Peter Mahoney was soon afterwards arrested, with a bloody knife in his possession. He was drunk, and had been seen near the house early in the evening, brandishing a knife and threatening to kill some one.

—Among the novelties of the coming Paris exhibition will be a youth of fourteen with feet shaped precisely like his hands. He can use them for the same purposes, and plays upon the piano with both hands and feet, having a peculiar chair which enables him to curl his body into the necessary position. He is a very good performer and speaks both English and German. His French is yet imperfect.

—The extensive dry goods store of Fields & Leiter, in Chicago, was burned out last night. Several men were killed and several others were injured, it is believed fatally, by a falling wall. The loss on the building and stock is estimated at over $1,000,000. About 850 persons are thrown out of employment by this fire.

—The Treasury Department, in view of the reported development of the rinderpest in Europe, has issued an order forbidding the importation of cattle or hides shipped after 1st proximo, unless accompanied by consular certificates of non-infection.

—Senator Blaine is now reported to be convalescing rapidly.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 12, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The openly aggressive attitude of Conkling and the demise of Senator Morton are two events which are destined to exert an important bearing upon the contest between the President and the Republicans of the Senate. Yesterday a member of the Administration, speaking about Conkling's recent *pronunciamento* in the colloquial form of an interview, characterized it as "bold and aggressive, and that it must be met in the same spirit." He did not, however, evince much belief that it would be thus effectively treated, and rather deplored the sentimentality which may apply to the pious walks of a Christian life—such forgiveness or forbearance as receiving a smite on one cheek and turning the other for a similar application, et cetera—but which is mighty inconvenient as applied to politics. In plain English, the proposition has resolved itself into a question whether Conkling shall destroy the Administration or the Administration destroy Conkling. The stately Senator from New York has his war paint on, and is brandishing his political tomahawk, much to the satisfaction of other Republican Senators, who think that they also have a cause of war and are ready to follow such a splendid leadership. On Saturday the Republicans Senators held a caucus, which was practically a council of War. Although intimations of other subjects under consideration were given out, the matter of the nominations before the Senate and what course to pursue with regard to them, was the principal topic, and gave rise to some very free expressions of opinion respecting the Administration. It was evident that Conkling, Edmunds, Cameron, and other Senators of that standard of importance, were ready for war; and those of lesser consequence, (except numerically speaking, when it comes to the common level, the ballot,) were not indisposed to unite. At present there is every indication of perfect unity of action upon all measures.

To meet this tide of opposition, which was was fully expected, the administration depended upon the late Senator Morton. His large experience in public affairs, his skill and ability as a debater, and his popularity in the Senate, all conduced to his success as the leader of the Administration forces. It was believed, and rightly so too, that he could muster on his side at least a majority of the Republicans, who, with the Democrats disposed to support the nomination of good men to office, would have completely frustrated the efforts of the opposing faction. The death of Senator Morton, therefore, is more than an ordinary loss. His removal from the scene of the contest for political ascendency leaves the administration without a champion in the Senate. Stanley Matthews has already repeatedly shown himself unequal to the responsibilities of the hour. The veteran Senators, who have pronounced themselves hostile to the President, are waiting with guns pointed for Matthews, or Hoar, or any one else who may undertake to stand up in the way of their hostile purposes, in order to show by summary example what it is to oppose them in their determination to make the administration pay the penalty of indifference to their wishes, and what they regard as the interests of the Republican party. Morton was the only man who could have baffled their purposes. What the administration will do to recover a foothold in the Senate remains to be seen. In looking over the list of Republican Senators, there is not one of any importance who can now be reckoned on. Blaine, who has been coquetting with the Administration ever since his first hasty onset in March last, might be considered as in good training to take Morton's place, but his impaired health will prevent any active part in the deliberations of the Senate for some weeks, if not months. It is certain that the Administration could easier make terms with Blaine than any one else of weight, as he has, for some months, been an object of repeated favors, and, having accepted them, could do no less than to reciprocate.

Thus far in building up an Administration party in the Senate, the fates have been inauspicious. If this state of affairs continues, the President will find himself bound hand and foot, with the offices under his authority filled by men hostile to his interests, and the Senate an insurmountable obstacle to their removal. The friends of the President, since the serious turn affairs have taken, have been in frequent consultations as to the most expedient measures to meet this emergency. As the Democrats have already indicated their willingness not to antagonize the President in matters of a non-partisan character, they may be relied upon possibly to co-operate with four or five moderate Republican Senators who, it is believed, will be ready to take up the President's cause, in so far as not to vote with the opposing faction of the party, and perhaps to essay a defence of his course. A division in the Republican ranks, if it can be effected, is now considered a matter of imperative necessity, and if succeeded in, will soon break down the opposition. The Democrats in the meantime will be able to hold the balance of power.

The effect of the elections upon the Administration has not, according to their own statements, been discouraging. It is claimed that the campaigns were fought under most unfavorable circumstances. "That there were factional contests, local issues, independent candidates, struggling 'rings,' and everything else, not excluding a general apathy, which operated unfavorably to the interests of the Republican party; and yet when the results become known officially, and compared with everything else, the defeat in some States and successes in others do not go to prove anything." This sort of reasoning is all very consoling, and it must be admitted the results are not so bad as they might have been; but to expect to hold the party together, or to add to its permanent strength, without the cohesive agency of a judicious appreciation of patronage, is to expect more than the mass of American citizens are able to understand or appreciate. Judging from information received here from influential and observing people in different parts of the country, the people still generally sustain the President, whilst the politicians do not; but popular support will amount to naught, unless very soon placed under the direction of competent leaders.

The exasperation of the Republican managers will doubtless compel the Administration to do something—either to abandon all further abstract and absurd notions of civil service and give their attention to the first principles of political self-preservation, which is to distribute offices amongst those who will exercise them in their support and strengthen their hands, or to throw their power away upon persons who are without the first elements of usefulness, and who will bring upon themselves, the Administration, and the party, sure destruction. Whether the war upon the Administration will begin now, or will be deferred until the regular session, remains to be seen. The disposition of Conkling, however, is to begin at once by taking up the nominations which are most distasteful, and to ventilate the President thoroughly through them.

Congress has now been in session about four weeks, and has not yet accomplished any portion of the business for which it was called together. The Army Bill, which has been under consideration for several days, is still remote from completion. The effort to still further reduce the numerical strength of the military power promises success so far as the House is concerned. The action of last Saturday practically reduces it to twenty thousand men, which was about the number on the rolls on the first of the present month. The number of enlisted men in the army on November 1st, 1877, (taken from the latest return received,) is as follows:—Cavalry, 7,051; artillery, 2,313; infantry, 8,001; engineers, 199; ordnance, 346; Indian scouts, 582; miscellaneous, 1,511. Total, 21,002. Number of men on extra and daily duty, 3,076. (This does not include 400 in Signal Corps.)

It is not probable that the Senate will agree to this reduction, but will insist upon the army remaining at its existing strength. Should the House again insist upon its own bill the army will be put in a worse dilemma than it now finds itself. The officers and men have already served four months without pay. Many who have families dependent upon them, have been compelled to submit to a heavy "shave" on their pay rolls, all of which is no credit to the government as a matter of keeping faith.

The Paris Exposition bill will be reported to the House within a few days, and will provide for a Commissioner General and not less than twenty paid assistants, besides a number of honorary commissioners. These places, that is the paid ones, are in great demand. A careful estimate shows that there are not less than fifty applicants from each State, and about one hundred for each place, or about two thousand patriots ready to attend the Paris Exposition of 1878, at the expense of the Government. As yet there has been no rush for the non-paid commissionerships, and it is not anticipated that the Secretary of State will be much troubled with examining testimonials of applicants in this behalf.

Notwithstanding the fact that nothing has yet been done by Congress, the subject of adjournment is again agitating the Congressional mind. It is now proposed to get away by November 26th, so as to draw mileage, and get home for Thanksgiving Day. The regular session will begin December 3d, which will afford ample opportunity for members east of the Mississippi to return in time to be present at the opening. D. D.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

CHICAGO LETTER.

CHICAGO, November 12, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—A solemn effort is now making to weed out the Chicago bar, which is overrun with shysters, jack-lawyers, and disreputables of all kinds. Where a man is regularly a member of the bar, it is hard to get the Judges to shut him out, for it is difficult to get proof of dishonest conduct. There are, however, a number of people who never were admitted to practice, and those the Bar Association and the courts are engaged in making war upon. The present State law requires all admissions to the bar to be by the Supreme Court and its requirements are at present quite rigid. As a class, these bogus lawyers confine themselves to the divorce business and the Criminal Court, chiefly the latter. Their sole object is to get all their clients have, and then sell them out: to take a conveyance of the defendant's lands or chattels, in order that they may not fall into the hands of the law, and then persist in holding on to them, no matter whether the accused are convicted or acquitted. Not long ago a man got into some trouble—was charged with receiving stolen goods. He called in the aid of a lawyer, who advised him to transfer his property to him. He did so. "Now," said the lawyer, "do you plead guilty. I have made an arrangement with the State's Attorney and Judge that you are to be let off with a month in jail." He pleaded guilty, and much to his amazement, got two years in the State's Prison. "It is a mistake," said the lawyer: "the Judge forgot, but that will be remedied before it is time for you to go down." The man lived in hope till the day when he was routed out of jail and marched off to Joliet. Then the lawyer attempted to take possession of his goods and chattels. The wife objected and threatened to raise a riot. "Well," said the lawyer, "let us talk the matter over. Your husband is gone for about two years, and you are entitled to a divorce anyway. Suppose we live together." She accepted the arrangement, apparently the best thing she could do, and they live in comfort, while the husband is cutting stone or making barrels.

The Fire Department of this city is trying an experiment with its telegraph wires. Instead of carrying them on poles, it is putting them underground, comfortably stowed away in iron pipe. It costs about four times as much as the ordinary way, but the wires last infinitely longer, are freer from accident, and do not disfigure the streets. At present each of the main streets has a network of wires running along it, which are in the way of the firemen when they use their hook and ladder apparatus, and the cutting of which plays the mischief with telegraphic communication. The fire alarm system of this city is a very perfect one, and much of its freedom from big blazes is due thereto.

Another land sharper has opened his shop here, and is spreading his circulars far and wide throughout Eastern and Western towns and villages. He wants to secure numberless agents for the sale of farm lands in Christian county, Ill., away off in the south-western part of the State. His offers are liberal. The agent is to keep half what be receives. If he sells $1,000 worth of land, he may keep $500. But it is necessary for him to pay a fee in advance, running from $3 up to $30, depending on the amount of land he thinks he can sell. It is needless to say that the sharper owns no land in Christain county, and that the abstracts, deeds etc., which he shows, are purely bogus, and of no more value than if they related to extensive tracts in the moon. All the fees he gets are so much clear profit; and if an agent should make a sale and remit, that is also clear gain. The lands are so attractively described, and the prices put so low, that some farmer, toiling on a rocky homestead, might easily be induced to invest in a Christain county paradise, unless he was forewarned.

A warning for quick-tempered young women. Day before yesterday a wedding party drew up at the church door. The groom stepped up to the carriage to let out the gorgeously caparisoned bride of the future. Her train was very long, and he was doubtless nervous For some reason he stepped upon it, and sadly marred it of its fair proportions. Even at such an exciting moment, with the altar in view, she could not forget her dress, and she said, "How awkward you are"—said that, and looked something far more serious. He made no reply, reserving it for another occasion. The procession moved on up the aisle, and formed in order due before the minister. The ceremony began, and moved on with great smoothness until it reached the point where he was asked if he would take her to be his wedded wife. Then, instead of making the stereotyped former answer, he observed. "No, you are to awkward for me." Under cover of the consternation caused by this remark, he fled from the church, took a carriage, and departed for home, leaving the young lady to meditate on the folly of trains and quick tempers.

The indictment which was found last summer in the United States Court, against B. F. Allen, the former owner of the Cook County National Bank, has been stricken from the docket. Allen was indicted for perjury, etc., chiefly at the instance of the Charter Oak people, to invalidate, his testimony against them in a certain suit. Allen having been thus indicted, turned on his enemies, and had Blennerhassett, of New York, a member of the old firm of Allen, Stephens & Co., likewise indicted for perjury. Since then the two parties have been looking over the situation, and have decided to cry quits, either being glad to send each other to jail, but each being unwilling, under any circumstances, to go there himself.

The West is just now filled with broken companies who have suffered shipwreck on the road, and the trunks of whose members are held as security in a score of hotels. A communication comes in almost daily from some afflicted brother asking for a small remittance to bring him back to Chicago. One manager of a strolling troupe telegraphs dismally from Lincoln, Nebraska, for the stoutest kind of a pair of boots, as he finds out it will be necessary for him to walk in. Regular performers and negro minstrels are alike unfortunate, and the lecture business seems to be about as bad. In place of the hundreds of men and women who are usually careering around at this season, with much-thumbed manuscript in their carpet-bags, but a dozen can be found, and they are not making anything, with perhaps one or two exceptions. The last new hand who has showed up in this section is Halberton, the Author of *Helen's Babies*, and a dismal failure he made of it. It was not what he read was so bad: had it appeared in print it would be called amusing: but neither manner nor voice of the lecturer posessed any attractiveness, and the auditors were in a state of drowsiness before he was half-way through. It is hard to understand why a man, who has written a successful book should at once jump at the conclusion, that he would also make a hit at a totally different business—lecturing. Next week Max Maretzek opens shop with his Italian and German Opera Company; and as the holidays draw near the opera bouffe will come to drain the town of its superfluous dollars. It has a sufficiently strong flavor of impropriety to attract, and yet not quite so much as to repel.

During the week the Lake has been swept by two violent North-easters, each of which has smashed numerous vessels, but strangely enough without the loss of a single life. The other day the sandy shores north and south of the city were covered with lumber and shingles, the deck-loads of unlucky ships, while here and there some schooners lay high and dry. The tendancy of the Chicago river to form a bar at its mouth is temporarily counteracted by the construction of piers which stretch far out into the Lake, and which are yearly extended farther. One result of this is that it is much harder to make the mouth of the harbor during a North wind, and a vessel trying the experiment runs the risk of going to pieces on the pier, or drifting far south, and landing on the beach. These seasons are the harvest days of the poor who live any where near the shore, and who are able to accumulate firewood enough to run them through a good part of the winter. These two storms have put about thirty sailing craft *hors de combat*, and that too at a time when freights are good, and every vessel is being pushed into the service to send grain East and bring lumber here from the Michigan ports. A year ago an effort was made to open direct trade between here and England, and, some loads of deals, grain, &c., were sent over, but the experiment did not prove successful, and those who went into it were bankrupted. It was feasible, but the vessels which could be used had to be of small size to get through the Welland Canal, and could not compete with the ocean vessels sailing from Eastern ports. W. H. H.

—What promises to be another disastrous strike has just begun in Philadelphia. Several thousand weavers, employed in up-town mills, have quit work on account of a reduction in their wages, and it is feared that others will soon follow. The sums received by the men were so small that it is no wonder they became dissatisfied; the highest amount paid was $35 a month, and the lowest $11; the average is said to have been from $22 to $28 a month. These are slim incomes on which to support a family, and yet thousands are making no more at other trades. The only ray of hope is that while the men could not find employment at any price a year or two ago, all the mills have now plenty of orders, and all can keep running.

—William H. Howell, cashier of the First National Bank of Hightstown, N. J., has been discovered to be a defaulter in the sum of $2,175. The defalcation has been going on since 1870. While attending the Mount Holly Fair he got on a spree, and went to the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, from which place he wrote asking the directors to come and take him home. While on the way he confessed being a defaulter. No criminal proceedings were instituted against him. His bond is for $50,000, and the bondsmen are good for that amount.

—Weedon, the prize-fighter, will probably be remembered by many who have watched the course of Jersey justice. He was a principal in the contest with Walker last year, when Walker was killed, and it was alleged that Weedon took an unfair advantage of him. The latter was arrested, tried, and convicted. He was sent to the State Prison at Trenton, New Jersey, but it was not long before he began to show signs of ill health, and last Wednesday he died. It is supposed that his disease was consumption, evidently superinduced by the confinement within prison walls.

—Another new market house has just been built and opened at Twenty-first and Federal streets, in the southwestern section of Philadelphia, in a flourishing new district, about a mile distant from any other market.

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Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup for the cure of Consumption, Coughs and Colds.

The great virtue of this medicine is that it ripens the matter and throws it out of the system, purifies the blood, and thus effects a cure.

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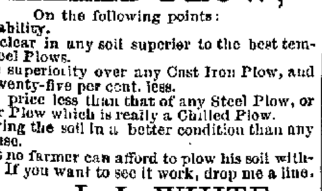
4. At a price less than that of any Steel Plow, or any other Plow which is really a Chilled Plow.
5. Leaving the soil in a better condition than any Plow in use.
6. That no farmer can afford to plow his soil without one. If you want to see it work, drop me a line.
L. L. WHITE,
Yardleyville, Pa.
887

This is an Odd Fish!



BUT NOT THE KIND KEPT BY
SAMUEL C. BRUDON,
WHO is now prepared to furnish all kinds of Fish in season, ready cleaned, without extra cost, and at the same price as is charged elsewhere with the scales on. Also PRIME OYSTERS received daily. Call and see him at the Town Hall. 75

Fruit and Ornamental Trees.
THE largest stock in Bucks County. Call and examine and be convinced. Our prices are low. Price lists on application.
WILLIAM H. MOON,
Morrisville, Pa.
62

House for Sale.
A NEW SIX ROOM HOUSE, just finished, on Penn Street. Terms easy. Apply to
E. LAWRENCE.
59

Instructions on Piano and Organ,
AT the residence of Pupils, by a lady of experience. For address, apply at 73 Bath Street, Bristol. Terms, $8 per quarter.
903

100,000 Copies of ST. NICHOLAS.
FOR THE
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.
Only 25 Cents a Copy.

Some idea of the attractions offered in the CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY NUMBER of ST. NICHOLAS, of which 100,000 copies will be issued, may be gained from the following: There are poems by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW and WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT; a fine hitherto unpublished sketch of Boy Life, by the Late THEODORE WINTHROP; and a short story by the author of "ALICE IN WONDERLAND;" a new fairy story, "SWEET MARJORAM DAY," by FRANK R. STOCKTON, "THE PETERKINS' CHARADES," by LUCRETIA P. HALE; a poetic riddle by DR. J. G. HOLLAND, and a comparison between the manners of young folks in old times and nowadays, by GAIL HAMILTON.

Of the story element, the brightest feature is the beginning of the new serial by MISS ALCOTT, entitled "UNDER THE LILACS," with illustrations by MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

The Christmas Number contains also the opening of a new SERIAL STORY FOR BOYS, a tale of tropical life, by GUSTAVUS FRANKENSTEIN, entitled "TOWER-MOUNTAIN," admirably illustrated by the artists Moran and Kelly; A PORTRAIT OF MISS ALCOTT, with a sketch of her life; several poems by TWO LITTLE AMERICAN GIRLS A PLAY, and a CHRISTMAS CAROL (set to music); and half a dozen complete short stories, bright funny, exciting and pathetic, &c., &c.

The NEW COVER is by the English Artist, WALTER CRANE,—the famous designer of "The Baby's Opera."

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1878.

Besides MISS ALCOTT'S serial for Girls, and the three serials for Boys, to follow each other in rapid succession, will contain a short serial story by the AUTHOR OF "THE SCHONBERG-COTTA FAMILY;" and an article, "AROUND THE WORLD IN A YACHT, BOYS" has been promised by a brilliant writer, now on the actual tour of the world in his own yacht. There will be contributions by a DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS PETER PARLEY, and a Letter to Young Americans by GEORGE MACDONALD.

The "HOW" SERIES of instructive papers, by various authors, will tell HOW to bind your own books; HOW they mine coal; HOW to enjoy yourselves at home; HOW to be an agreeable guest; HOW to entertain company; HOW to be a carpenter; HOW to make an ice-boat; HOW to build a house; HOW India rubber is gathered; How matches are made; HOW money is made; HOW mackerel are caught; HOW they laid the Atlantic cable; HOW they mine in California; HOW they work in the tea-country; HOW to be a parlor magician; etc. There will be also a series of stories and sketches of Foreign Life,

Travel and Adventure.

such as "Old Nicolai" (a Russian Story), "A Day among the Welsh Castles," "Easter in Germany" "The Indians of the Amazon," "How Kitty was Lost in a Turkish Bazaar," "Master Montezuma" (a Mexican story), "Hansa, the Lapp Maiden," and many others.

"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," "Young Contributors' Department," "Letter-Box" "Riddle-Box," and "For Very Little Folks," will be continued.

The four bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS already published are the most wonderful, beautiful and attractive Christmas Present for Young People. Each volume is complete in itself. Vols. 1 and 2, $3.00 each; vols. 3 and 4, $4.00

Subscription Price, $3.00 a Year, postage paid. Single copies, 25 cents each.

Sold by all Book-sellers & News-dealers.

SCRIBNER & CO., 743 Broadway, N. Y.

Miscellaneous.

Clothing Ready Made.

THE LARGEST STOCK AND BEST ASSORTMENT IN TRENTON

OVERCOATS FOR MEN, YOUTHS AND BOYS.
Dress Suits, Business Suits, School Suits,

In full variety, of honest materials, well made and trimmed, at right prices. We buy everything for cash and WE KNOW that we sell Clothing cheaper than the large cities *for the same quality of goods*

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.
A full line of American and Foreign Goods on hand TO MAKE TO ORDER.
Increased effort to secure handsome fitting, stylish garment assured. We invite your patronage.

SINCLAIR, VANNEST & WEST,
33 East State Street, Trenton, N. J. 908

WANAMAKER & BROWN respectfully announce that their Autumn and Winter Fashions in Clothing for Men and Boys are ready. The great buildings at Sixth and Market are crowded from top to bottom with such Clothing as merits the confidence of the people.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Cloths and Cassimeres are, in many instances, made expressly for them. No house in the trade confines itself so exclusively to the first-class manufacturers. Indeed, a long and mature experience is necessary to know just what goods to select and make up.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Order Department will be found full of fabrics of every good kind, either Novel and Fashionable styles or the plainer and more useful things. Talented cutters, who have been successful for years in our service, are in waiting to make garments according to the ideas of the people who are to wear the goods. Good hands are employed to make up, and only good trimmings used.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Ready-Made Department offers every accommodation to those who do not care to go through the process of measurement. The stock in all Departments for Men and Boys is immense and complete, and does not lack in style, workmanship or finish, while the prices can be proven to be nearly, if not quite, 25 cents on the dollar lower than the market.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Little Boys' and Youths' Clothing has always been a well-cared-for and prominent feature of the business. All ages can be fitted, and the styles are not surpassed—the "fits" have always been the subject of admiration

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Shirt, Necktie, and Hosiery counters enable their customers to get complete outfits at more advantageous rates than they expect.

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THROPP, McKENZIE & WILKES,
Manufacturers of
Steam Engines,
BOILERS, MILL WORK, SHAFTING,
Pulleys, Hangers, and all kinds of Pottery Machinery,
Foot of Taylor Street, Trenton, N. J. 704

CHAPEL COURSE OF LECTURES!

FIRST SERIES.

THE LADIES' CHURCH AID SOCIETY announce the First Series of Lectures in the

NEW CHAPEL

OF ST. JAMES CHURCH, BRISTOL, AS FOLLOWS.

November 16th.
DANIEL DOUGHERTY,
"Oratory."

November 22d.
PROF. B. W. PUTNAM,
"The Potter's Wheel and its Products."

This lecture is illustrated by the blackboard and by samples of different kinds of pottery, and by a skillful potter who who makes jars, jugs, vases, etc., on the platform.

November 27th.
JAMES PARTON,
"The Continental Congress."

December 6th.
Lecturer and subject to be announced.

December 13th.
GEN. N. P. BANKS,
"The Republic: Will it Endure?"

December 20th.
WONG CHIN FOO, of China,
"Domestic Life in China."

Wong Chin Foo is a Chinese Mandarin and a political refugee. He appears on the platform in full Chinese costume.

Lectures to commence at 7:30 P. M., promptly.

SINGLE TICKETS, - - - 50 CENTS.
TICKETS FOR THE COURSE, $3 00.

☞ Single tickets only good for the lecture on which the name of the lecturer is endorsed.

Tickets to be obtained at the stores of L. A. Hoguet, Thomas Scott, Cabeen & Beatty, and James Wright.

The above list of lectures constituting the First Series of the "Chapel Course," comprises the most noted professional lecturers that have appeared in the Star Courses in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

All of these lecturers have received the enthusiastic endorsement of audiences in all the large cities of the Union, and their efforts offer to this community, subjects of profit and entertainment of a quality never before presented to it.

The total cost of this series will be over $500; and it is hoped and believed that the people of the Borough and vicinity will make every effort to render this first attempt an entire success; thereby authorizing a Second Series after the First of January.

The net proceeds will be appropriated to the liquidation of the debt incurred in finishing and furnishing the Chapel.

THE LADIES' CHURCH AID SOCIETY,
Of St. James Parish.
Bristol, October 10th, 1877. 47

STEAMER TWILIGHT.

ON and after TUESDAY, NOV. 5th, 1877, the splendid Steamer TWILIGHT leaves Chestnut Street wharf, Philadelphia, at 12 M., for Burlington, Bristol and Florence, touching at Tacony, Riverton, House of Correction, Torresdale, Delanco, Andalusia, and Beverly. Returning, leave Florence at 3 o'clock P. M. and Bristol at 3¼ o'clock, stopping at all the above Landings each way. On the 3 o'clock trip only as far as Bristol, leaving there at 5 P. M. Fare, 25 cents; Excursion 40 cents. 766

Daily Excursions.

THE STEAMBOAT
COLUMBIA
Will leave Bristol at 7.30 A. M., for Philadelphia, touching at Burlington, Beverly, Riverton, Torresdale and Andalusia. Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 2 P. M. Fare, 25c. each way. Excursion. 40c. 263

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CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,
MORRISVILLE, PA.

PAINTING, TRIMMING, &c., promptly attended to at the shortest notice. Repairing neatly done. 26

J. C. MANNING,
Trimmings, Notions & Fancy Goods,
Fringes, Laces,
Silks, Satins,
Trimmed Hats,
Kid Gloves,
Hosiery, Corsets,
Underwear,
Hair Switches,
Germantown Wool and Zephyrs, &c
87 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.
Next to the "Trenton House." 30

A. HAMMER,
Keeps constantly on hand a full line of
Hardware, Guns, Revolvers,
Hunting Apparatus and Fishing Tackle,
and will sell the same at greatly reduced prices.
Repairing of all kinds promptly attended to.
7 SHOT REVOLVERS, full Nickle plate, $2.50.
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Persons Wanting
MILLINERY, TRIMMINGS,
Ladies' and Children's Underwear,
WILL DO WELL TO CALL AT
23 E. State St., Trenton,
BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE, where they will find a large and well selected stock at prices lower than ever before offered. Also full line of
HAIR GOODS.
COMBINGS made up at the shortest notice.
E. A. BUCHANAN,
23 E. State Street, Trenton, N. J.
N. B.—Stamping and Embroidery done to order.
763

Pennsylvania Railroad.
NEW YORK DIVISION.
On and after November 12, 1877,
Trains to and from Bristol Station

For Philadelphia.
Kensington Depot, 7:13, 7:40, 8:26, 9:39 A. M. 12:26, 4:11, 7:21, and 9:17, P. M. West Phila. Depot, 6:25, 10:33 A. M., and 1:25, 3:09, and 9:38 P. M. On Sundays, Kensington Depot, 12:26 and 5:27 P. M. West Phila. Depot, at 9:38 P. M.

For New York.
At 1:16, 8:11, 9:21, and 11:46 A. M., 2:44, 6:21, and 7:44 P. M. Sunday trains 9:21 A. M., and 8:17 P. M.

For Trenton.
At 7:58, 9:21, 11:09, and 11:47 A. M., 2:44, 2:59, 4:34, 5:14, 6:12, 6:21, 7:05, 7:44, and 9:06 P. M. On Sundays, 9:21 9:53, A. M. and 2:59, 8:17, P. M.

☞ The 7.58, 11.09, 11.47, A. M., 2.59, 4.34, and 6.12 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division.

From Trenton.
At 6:40, 7:10, 8:00, 9:15, and 10:14 A. M., 12:00 M., 1:05, 2:50, 3:45, 6:55, and 9:14 P. M. On Sundays, 12:00 noon, and 9:14 P. M.

From Philadelphia.
Leaves Kensington Depot, at 7:12, and 10:15 A. M., 2:15, 4:00, 4:30, 5:30, 6:15, and 8:20 P. M. West Philadelphia Depot at 8:30 and 11:00 A. M., and 2:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M. and 12:00 night.

From New York.
At 8:15, and 10:55 A. M., 12:55, 3:55, and 6:55 P. M.

From Philadelphia, Westward.
Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg Pittsburg and the West, at 8.00, A. M., and 12.55 6.15, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 7.20, 9.10 A. M. 11.55, P. M., daily.

For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.55 and 11.55, P. M.

For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7.20, A. M.

A Through Passenger Train, especially for parties moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12.05 A. M., daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.

For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.

F. THOMSON, Gen. Manager,
D. M. BOYD, Jr., Gen. Pass. Agent.
G. W. BARKER, Supt. N. Y. Division.
F. W. JACKSON,
60 Gen. Supt. U. R. R. of N. J. Division.

Trips Resumed to Trenton.
THE STEAMER
Edwin Forrest
Will leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, touching at Tacony, Torresdale, Beverly, Burlington, Bristol, Florence, Penn's Manor, White Hill and Trenton.

Leave Arch st. wharf.			Leave South Trenton.		
Thursday,	15,	8 A. M.	Thursday,	15,	12 M.
Friday,	16,	8½ A. M.	Friday,	16,	12½ P. M.
Saturday,	17,	9 A. M.	Saturday,	17,	1 P. M.
Monday,	19,	10 A. M.	Monday,	19,	2 P. M.
Tuesday,	20,	10½ A. M.	Tuesday,	20,	2½ P. M.
Wednesday,	21,	11½ A. M.	Wedn'day,	21,	3½ P. M.
Thursday,	22,	12½ P. M.	Thursday,	22,	4½ P. M.

Leaves Bristol about one hour and a half after leaving Philadelphia or Trenton.
Fare, Philad'a to Trenton, 40cts. Excursion, 60 cts.
All other places, 25 cts. Excursion, 40 cts. 755

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, November 15, 1877.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA.—Arrives 8.00, A. M., 3.00, 5.00 and 8.00 P. M. Closes 5.45 and 9.30, A. M., 3.30, 5.30 and 7.30 P. M.

NEW YORK.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., and 6.30 P. M. Closes 7.45 and 10.45 A. M., 3.30, 5.30 and 7.30 P. M.

NEW YORK WAY MAILS—Close at 7.45, A. M. and 3.30 P. M.

TRENTON.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., 5.00 and 6.30 P. M. Closes 7.15, 7.45 and 10.45 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND OFFICES ON THE BELVIDERE DELAWARE R. R.—Arrive at 5.00 P. M., and close at 7.15 A. M.

MORRISVILLE.—Arrives at 11.00 A. M., and 5.00 and 6.30 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN AND DOLINGTON.—Arrive at 10.00 A. M., and close at 10.45 A. M.

Mails for the South and West go by every Philadelphia mail.

Letters not called for are advertised every Thursday in the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE.

Office hours from 7.00 A. M., to 8.30 P. M.

W. B. BAKER, Postmaster.

The GAZETTE *has the largest circulation, with a single exception, of any weekly newspaper published in Bucks County.*

SORTS.

—Rosa D'Erina will give a concert at Cabeen's Hall next Tuesday evening.

—The Workingmen's Association will hold a meeting at the Engine House, on Saturday evening.

—A singing school led by one of the first teachers of Philadelphia, will be commenced within the next two weeks in the Presbyterian church.

—Col. Thomas P. Miller, was nominated by the President yesterday for postmaster at Doylestown, in place of Mrs. S. L. Prizer. Thus the Civil Service machine gets in another stroke of work. Wonder if Caleb's hand is not visible in this change? He has long desired Mrs. Prizer's removal.

—Two men named Tomlinson and Sayres, who are two of three desperadoes concerned in the burning of the barn of James G. Hibbs Jr. and the robbery of the station at Langhorne on Tuesday evening, have been caught at Wilmington, Delaware, and will be brought to this county for trial.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol Post Office, Wednesday evening, November 14, 1877. Joshua Burton, Bridget Boyle, Jane M. Brown, Bridget Cannon, Tom Homans, Sarah Haggerty, Nancy Lazalere, Susanna Myers, Catherine McGill, Ellen McGinley, Richard Parkinson, Charles Rapp, W. A. Steinrock, Wallace Vansciver, Mr. Worford, Sarah A. Woodington.

—Intelligence has been received from H. S. Booz and Wm. M. Stackhouse, who left Bristol on the 5th inst., on a gunning expedition, which says that they were located in Hampshire county, West Virginia, with their headquarters at Romney, in that county. They state that deer, turkeys and pheasants are plenty, and they are succeeding very well, so that they may be expected to bring home a lot of game.

—On Wednesday, the 7th inst, as the early train on the Bound Brook road was leaving Philmont station, two ladies, who had got on the train at Trevose, and paid their fare to Bethany, concluded to get off after the train had started, and when they stepped on the platform the cars were going so fast that one of the ladies who had a child in her arms fell between the platform and the train, and both rolled under the platform. The bonnet of the lady was pretty well mashed up, and some of her hair pulled out. This was certainly a very narrow escape. It is said that the lady was the wife of Alfred Worthington.

—Remarks were made at the Temperance meeting last Friday evening, by Joseph Purvis, J. L. Richardson, Wm. H. Paxson, Sarah H. Peirce, Prof. Krickbaum, Charles S. Bailey, and Rev. J. S. Cook who presided in place of Samuel Swain who was not present. A committee was appointed to prepare a constitution and by laws for the purpose of forming a more compact and effective organization, and will probably report at the next meeting on Saturday evening at the Methodist church. The same evening an interesting meeting was held at Mill Hall, conducted by Prof. Johnson and Mr. Anderson of Philadelphia.

—Burglars have been quite active in Bristol during the past week. On Friday night 38 stool ducks, the property of Joseph Horn, and Charles Booz, were stolen from an out building of Rogers' mills. Before it was known generally, a stranger appeared on the street offering to sell some decoys very cheaply and James P. Subers bought 24 for 50 cents, and Harry Packer 10 for the same price; the stranger then disappeared. Mr. Subers then sold 8 of his decoys to Harry Packer for $1.00, and the remaining 16 were disposed of to Len Cone for $1.50 through the agency of Shadrach Bosley, who received fifty cents for his enterprise in getting clear of them. After all this trading was completed, it was noised around that the decoys had been stolen, and investigation proving that such was the fact, Messrs. Booz and Horn recovered 34 of their 38 decoys, but how to settle the matter so that all the parties will come out clear, is something "no fellah can find out."

On Saturday evening between six and seven o'clock, while the family were at supper, Daniel Devinney's house on Penn street was entered at a back window in the second story, by means of the back shed. A drawer was taken from the bureau and upset upon the bed in which condition it was found. The burglars not having left any signs of rummaging around more than this, it is supposed that they became frightened, and grabbing up a little box which was near by, departed. The box and its contents, five ten dollar bills, two five dollar bills, and $4.50 in silver; two notes of hand, and a deed for some property in New Jersey, was the property of Mr. Devinney's mother-in-law. The box was found near Edmund Lawrence's carpenter shop broken open, but farther than this, nothing has been heard of the missing articles.

The same night, about half a dozen chickens were stolen from Charles Cole, residing at the corner of Pond and Walnut streets. Somebody must be making arrangements so as not to suffer for the want of poultry on Thanksgiving day.

Why an Editor visited Bristol.

Monday afternoon brought to Bristol Messrs. Charles R. Mitchell and Thomas Eastburn, the editor and publisher of the *Langhorne Beacon*. That their errand was something newspaper people were interested in, was manifested by the gathering of the representatives of the press at Justice Bailey's office. When four o'clock arrived the 'Squire looked up over his spectacles and the show commenced. It then appeared that C. W. P. Banks of Newportville, had caused a warrant to be issued for the arrest of Mr. Mitchell of the *Beacon* for publishing in the issue of the paper of Nov. 1st, a "false, scandalous and malicious" article intending to injure his character. In proof of his charge, Mr. Banks submitted a copy of the paper containing the following extract.

"The noble and exalted editor of the 'Our Schools,' a new department in the *Delaware Valley Advance*, has become very *smart* since being placed in an editor's chair. He is either short of manners, or else unable to use what he has, properly. From attenders of the Teachers' Institute, we learn that he took especial pains to berate this paper, and if all that we hear is true, he told some deliberate falsehoods. 'Birds of a feather flock together, etc.' We mean, C. W. P. Banks of Newportville."

The 'Squire considered this sufficient evidence to warrant him in binding the editor over under $300 bail to appear at court, but the defendant having previously appeared before Justice Martindale of Langhorne, waived a hearing and given bonds in $1,000 for his appearance at court, the proceedings before Mr. Bailey were null and void.

Woman Suffrage Convention at Bristol

The Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association, according to the announcement in another column, will hold its annual meeting in Bristol, on Friday, the 23d instant. This society was organized eight years ago, with Miss Mary Grew, of Philadelphia, as its President, a position that she has held by annual election since that time. The office of the association is at 700 Arch street, where the Executive Committee holds its annual meetings.

The object of this organization, as stated in its Constitution, is to promote the cause of Woman Suffrage, and with this end in view, to distribute documents bearing on the subject, circulate petitions to the legislature and to Congress, hold meetings, employ agents and lecturers, and in a general way to labor for the establishment of impartial suffrage. Some of our readers may remember the prominent part it took in urging the Constitutional Convention of 1873, to incorporate the principle of Woman Suffrage into the fundamental law of the State. During five successive days the subject was under discussion, and a number of eloquent speeches were made by members of the convention in defence of the important question. The hall in which the convention was held, was granted to the use of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association for two evenings, and on one of these, Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, gave a powerful and elaborate address, that made a deep impression. It was on this occasion that he made the declaration, speaking of the relation of the question to the temperance movement, that he never would vote again until the ballot should be placed in the hands of women.

Among the names of the speakers that are to be here on the 23d, is that of Lucy Stone, so well known as an eloquent champion of justice for women. She has given herself year after year, with persistent energy and self-sacrificing devotion, to the great work of removing the disabilities that trammel her sex; and her zealous enthusiasm, stirring eloquence, and winning manners, have drawn many a heart into sympathy with what she considers the question of questions. Let no one fail to hear her, and the other able exponents of impartial suffrage, both in the afternoon and evening.

In and Around Yardleyville.

Fortunately, or otherwise, there is scarcely anything of general interest transpiring here. The most noticable feature in our affairs at this time being a general dearth of local news. Whether our people are better since the temperance revival, or whether the improved condition of our morals is owing to the dedication of the new and neat M. E. African Church in our villiage, is a question for the jury to determine. We would incline to the latter belief, but for a little circumstance to the contrary, to-wit: one of the members, Mr. George Johnson, who walks, talks, and has his being in the paths of single blessedness, was the happy possessor of a good silver watch, valued at about $35. A young woman of his acquaintance came along in company with another miss and beguiled George into the idea of loaning her the watch on promise of returning it in the morning. George unable to resist the importunities of the fair damsel, tacitly agreed and his watch went out into the darkness—alas, no more to return. The damsel aforesaid, alleging that in company with her lover she lost about that much time. George waxed wroth, and invoked the majesty of the law upon the wicked heads of the offenders, by bringing them before Justice White and presenting the facts in detail. The parties agreeing to furnish another watch as good, and the testimony not being very positive in the case, the parties were reprimanded and discharged. Thus endeth George's first lesson.

Two brothers from the neighborhood of the swamp were bound over to Court last week by Eastburn, Justice, one for assault and battery, and the other to appear and prosecute. We believe they were not "swamp angels."

The new library building is fast approaching completion, and looks on the border of Lake Afton, as graceful as a duck on water. It will be an improvement long needed. There are two rooms, one for the books, the other for a free reading room.

The temperance people still "hold the fort," and will fit up a room for reading, &c. They propose to hold meetings weekly.

On Saturday night the Lyceum re-organized for the winter, we understand with a full programme of good things.

About half the trees required have been planted upon the Oak Grove school lot, and efforts are being made to secure the balance before the cold weather begins. This is a commendable enterprise and should be done at once.

We understand there is a prospect of some building lots being sold off near Yardley station, and we don't see wey they should not go like hot cakes. Then with Langhorne on the west and Lathrop on the east, the new line could furnish sites for the most fastidious.

Point Pleasant Items.

An effort is being made by some of our citi- [illegible] winter months, but what success they will have, remains to be seen.

David Boyle, a young man in the employ of H. S. Zeigenfuss & Bro., was taken to his home a short time ago, sick with the typhoid fever. On Tuesday afternoon he was buried at Doylestown, having died from the effects of the fever.

Last Saturday afternoon the Directors of the Point Pleasant Delaware Bridge Company, met at the public house of Andrew A. Black, for the purpose of transacting business.

SUICIDE IN SOLEBURY.—From Joseph D. Armitage, Lumberville, we have the following account of the suicide of Isaac Pearson of Solebury township:—On Saturday morning Mr. Pearson and wife breakfasted together, and the latter remarked that there were two newspapers at the Post Office, to which Isaac replied that he would shell a little corn and then go after them. (They reside about a mile from the village.) After breakfast he went out apparently cheerful, and the wife saw him at about 9 o'clock. It was usual in dull weather, when going to the Post Office, not to be in any hurry to return, but nearly one o'clock the lone woman went out and called her husband, but receiving no answer, concluded to go to the wagon house loft and get some corn to feed the poultry. Upon ascending the stairs a startling sight was presented to her; there hung her husband; she felt and found him stark and stiff—then ran to the nearest neighbor, (a couple of hundred yards or so), and finding no one at home, proceeded to another place half a mile distance, from where the sad news soon spread from place, every one remarking that Isaac Pearson was the last person they would have thought of committing such an act. It was touching to see the woman thus bereaved, and hear her piteously crying. "Oh Isaac, why did you do this? You were always so good to me and never gave me a cross word." At the Coroner's inquisition the same day, a verdict was rendered in accordance with the above facts.

It is an interesting fact that about 30 years ago, the barn of Amos Pearson of Solebury, father of Isaac, was burned, and one child lost, while the subject of this notice and a twin brother narrowly escaped, both being badly burned and crippled in their hands for life. Isaac was about 48 years of age, was in comfortable circumstances, owning a nice little property and having money besides. He leaves only his wife, as there were no children.

—Charles E. Scott, the editor of our Rod and Gun Column, is talking a short vacation in Virginia, where we hope he may have a pleasant time, and return much benefited by his little jaunt.

—Queen Victoria regulates and disciplines her children just as if they were still boys and girls.

New Hope and Vicinity.

A few days ago a well known colored man named Em. Schenk, caught his hand in a coal derrick, which was at that time in operation. The member was badly crushed, and it is feared a loss of one or more of the fingers will be the result.

At the recent sale of wood, &c., by the Deer Park Company, Mr. A. J. Beaumont, of Solebury, purchased the buffalo for the small sum of twenty dollars.

The Odd Fellows' Hall of New Hope, has a new roof of slate.

Mr. William H. Murray, of this place, has finished his store, having converted an old building into a neat and fancy structure.

Rev. P. A. Studdiford, D. D., of Lambertville, will deliver the next lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association of that city. Subject: His trip abroad.

The "Tribe of Asa" sang for the benefit of the Temperance Reform Club, of Lambertville, on last Thursday evening. The entertainment was of a most excellent character, and the hall filled by an appreciative audience.

An evangelist, Rev. H. G. DeWitt by name, has been conducting a series of revival meetings in Lambertville, for the past week or so. Quite an interest is manifested, and the church is thronged each evening. On Sunday night he preached a sermon to young men, from the text: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his ways." Meetings will be continued throughout this week.

On last Saturday, two men engaged in a street brawl in Lambertville, when things waxed rather warm, and one threw a large stone at the other. It missed the man, but struck a small boy by the name of Metz, who was standing near, inflicting a serious, if not fatal wound. He was conveyed senseless to his home, but is, we understand, at this writing still alive.

Rev. B. F. Sanderlin, of New Hope, is visiting his old charge at Stroudsburg, Pa. On last Sunday, the pulpit was filled by Rev. Mr. Umplebee in the morning, and Rev. Wm. Clark in the evening.

Watson P. Magill, whose barn was destroyed by fire a short time ago, is rapidly making good his loss by a new building. David M. Bird, of New Hope, is the carpenter in charge, and the work is being rapidly pushed forward.

On the afternoon of Sunday last the Rev. Mr. Umplebee, of New Hope, the well known canal missionary, was smitten with paralysis.

As an evidence of the interest taken in election in New Hope by the Republicans, we have but to notice the fact that the Democrats had to hunt up an inspector and a clerk for them on the morning of the 6th.

A slight shock of earthquake was felt in Lambertville, on the evening of the 4th.

Whiteley's & Schermerhorn's Troupe will give two entertainments instead of one, as was first announced.

The town hall in New Hope is in a shocking condition, and a disgrace to the corporation. Let's have a new one.

McClellan's majority in Lambertville was 178; a Democratic gain of about 70.

At a meeting of the Y. M. L. S. on Tuesday evening, the question "Should capital punishment be abolished," was discussed. Messrs. Scarboro, White and Ryan supporting the affirmative, and Messrs. Slaughter and Naylor, the negative. Decision was rendered in favor of the negative, by a vote of two to one.

A meeting for the purpose of forming an additional fire company was held in the rooms of the Y. M. L. S. on last Thursday evening. W. C. Ryan acting as chairman, and Albert Bush, secretary. A committee for the purpose of soliciting names to a petition to the Council, for the Hydraulion was appointed, and the meeting adjourned. On Friday evening the Council granted the engine, and appointed Hon. Hiram Scarborough, and A. B. Stockton a committee to confer with the new company when formed. A second meeting was held on Monday night, with P. B. Slaughter in the chair, and W. C. Ryan acting as secretary. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and various other measures taken to secure a good company. The following officers were elected for the current year. President, P. R. Slack; Vice President, F. D. Scarborough; Secretary, Albert Bush; Treasurer, P. B. Slaughter; Executive Committee, W. C. Ryan, Thos. Wert, Thomas Tinsman; Foreman, R. C. Foulke, M. D.; First Assistant, John Pickett; Second Assistant, John Bush. Various committees were appointed, after which the meeting adjourned to meet Monday evening next.

—The Supreme Court at Pittsburg, on Monday morning announced its decision in the case of the attachments for Governor Hartranft, other State officials and General Brinton to appear before the Grand Jury and testify concerning the riots. The decision of Judge Kirkpatrick, granting the attachments is reversed. The Chief Justice said in announcing this as the decision of the majority of the Court, that no opinion could be delivered at present for want of time, but he directed the Prothonotary [illegible] versed. This relieves these officials from embarrassment and from revealing any State secrets.

Langhorne Notes.

About seven o'clock on Tuesday evening, a strong light was seen in the direction of Bristol, and it was found to be a barn on the farm of James Hibbs, formerly Pierson Nelson's, 1½ mile below our station. The place is farmed by a son, but the house is occupied by a tenant. 150 bushels of corn which had been shelled that day, with 30 tons of hay, and a pair of mules, and a cow, with the machinery, were consumed in the flames. Two cows were saved. No insurance on barn or crops. It was estimated that 1,000 people were on the ground, but the wind carried the flames over and through the building, and it was impossible to save it, or the contents. The supposed work of an incendiary.

Tuesday morning ten men arrived and commenced the scaffolding for a new bridge over the Neshaminy, known as Mardon Wilson's. They began the laying of the iron on Wednesday.

On Monday the first stage in the morning and the last in the evening from Newtown, ceased their trips; but there still remain four, back and forth.

The Building Association sold $500 at par. It has still several months to "run on."

The combination sale on Saturday last was a decided success, in the vast number of people present and the quantity of articles sold, despite the wet disagreeable weather. Another one is in prospect, principally of hay, grain and harness.

The farm of Ellwood Wildman, near Edgewood, did not sell last week at public sale.

Henry C. Parry has sold his farm of 32 acres near Bridgetown, to William C. Gillingham, of Emilie, for $5,200, or thereabouts.

Wednesday week was the first meeting of the "Emerson," at Bellevue. If a large, well-lighted, heated, and ventilated hall, with a commodious platform, fine piano, and excellent musicians, and a corps of indefatigable workers will make a good lyceum, then the "Emerson" will be among the formost in the literary contest the coming season. Officers are as follows; President, Harry W. Watson; Vice President, Frank Pryor; Journalist, E. C. Ridge; Critic, Dr. James B. Candy. The music will be under the charge of Misses Knight, Lovett, Walling, Pryor, Flowers, Allen, and Messrs. Kennedy, Dyer and others.

—Trenton was somewhat excited on Sunday by an attempt of the City Railroad Company to run their cars, in alleged opposition to the Sunday law. The cars were stopped by order of the chief of police. The managers of the road urged the drivers to go on. A crowd of several hundred persons collected, and for a time violence was feared. The drivers were arrested, and finally the cars were withdrawn.

OFFICIAL VOTE OF BUCKS COUNTY, NOV. 6, 1877.

DISTRICTS.	1876. Presid't		Auditor Gen'l.				State Treasurer				Judge of Supreme Court.				County Treas'r.		Coroner		County Surv'y'r		Director of Poor.	
	Hayes, R.	Tilden, D.	Passmore, R.	Schell, D.	Emerson, L. R.	Barker, Pro.	Hart, R.	Noyes, D.	Wright, L. R.	Cornett, Pro.	Sterrett, R.	Trunkey, D.	Bentley, L. R.	Winton, Pro.	Althouse, R.	Gerhart, D.	Potts, R.	Groom, D.	Merrick, R.	Laubach, D.	McNair, R.	Wilson, D.
Bristol Borough	542	380	330	262	106	2	345	250	107	2	353	249	103	3	365	310	318	385	377	297	379	295
Bristol Township	272	149	183	109	10	..	183	109	10	..	186	107	11	..	183	120	187	119	181	119	186	117
Bensalem	218	282	117	171	..	..	117	171	..	..	117	171	..	..	119	168	127	157	119	168	120	167
Bedminster	271	303	207	223	..	..	207	229	..	..	207	223	..	..	227	188	207	227	207	238	207	228
Buckingham	476	240	373	193	2	3	372	194	..	..	373	195	..	..	373	202	379	198	279	197	394	174
Bridgeton	83	114	65	77	..	..	65	77	1	3	64	78	1	2	69	83	65	77	65	77	65	77
Doylestown Borough	219	257	153	211	21	5	154	211	20	5	153	210	..	..	168	219	164	221	160	225	165	222
Doylestown Township	226	224	160	170	2	2	160	170	2	2	160	171	19	7	163	171	162	172	163	172	165	169
Durham	101	198	51	161	..	..	54	161	..	..	54	161	2	2	46	169	52	163	26	159	52	162
Falls	358	171	193	95	..	..	191	95	..	..	195	95	..	..	100	101	150	100	195	95	196	95
Haycock	54	270	41	210	2	..	41	210	2	..	41	210	2	..	41	200	41	218	41	210	41	210
Hilltown	372	297	279	234	..	..	279	234	..	..	279	235	..	..	284	223	279	235	279	235	279	235
Hulmeville Borough	53	26	42	23	..	..	42	23	..	..	42	21	..	..	42	22	35	27	40	22	45	19
Langhorne Borough	97	19	70	19	..	..	80	19	..	..	82	18	..	1	82	19	72	29	82	19	81	19
Lower Makefield	320	168	219	124	..	1	218	125	..	1	219	125	..	2	215	131	220	126	220	126	219	127
Upper Makefield	268	114	130	82	3	1	180	82	3	1	181	81	3	1	184	82	170	87	180	82	148	118
Middletown	190	106	147	89	..	..	146	89	..	1	146	89	..	1	147	80	146	87	147	80	147	89
Milford	213	467	101	309	..	..	101	309	..	..	164	404	..	..	167	406	167	406	167	406	167	406
Morrisville Borough	123	110	76	53	..	13	76	53	..	13	74	52	..	16	84	58	91	51	84	58	84	58
New Hope Borough	127	158	98	127	..	..	99	126	..	..	97	128	..	..	91	133	98	126	98	126	98	125
New Britain	242	163	197	137	..	..	197	137	..	..	195	137	..	..	201	133	197	137	197	137	202	132
Newtown Borough	156	80	119	56	..	..	118	57	..	..	117	57	..	1	121	56	119	57	120	67	119	58
Newtown Township	139	89	111	71	..	..	111	71	..	..	110	72	..	..	112	70	112	70	112	70	112	70
Northampton	218	231	158	200	..	..	158	200	..	..	158	200	..	..	157	200	150	207	107	200	164	193
Nockamixon	48	313	21	210	..	..	21	219	..	..	21	219	..	..	20	217	20	217	19	218	21	216
Plumstead	394	240	301	181	..	..	301	181	..	..	304	180	..	..	306	179	306	179	307	178	314	171
Quakertown Borough	155	223	97	173	..	3	97	173	..	3	97	170	..	3	100	167	105	171	100	172	100	172
Rockhill	201	387	153	317	..	..	155	317	..	..	155	318	..	..	167	302	154	320	155	319	155	319
East Rockhill	23	133	29	133	..	..	29	135	..	..	29	135	..	..	5	159	29	135	29	133	29	135
Richland	158	300	86	250	..	2	87	250	..	2	87	253	..	2	83	258	87	235	87	255	87	254
Sellersville Borough	33	75	26	70	..	..	20	76	..	..	26	74	..	..	61	51	26	76	26	76	26	70
Southampton	140	230	96	173	..	..	96	173	..	..	96	174	..	..	96	174	96	174	96	173	99	171
Solebury	463	272	360	156	..	..	347	169	..	..	340	168	..	..	348	169	347	169	315	171	351	164
Springfield	176	406	102	253	..	..	102	253	..	..	102	251	..	..	103	252	102	253	101	254	102	253
Tinicum	94	472	53	301	..	1	52	301	..	1	53	305	..	1	51	308	54	305	64	305	59	300
Warrington	100	134	70	88	..	..	70	88	..	..	70	88	..	..	70	88	70	88	70	88	72	86
Warminster	120	116	102	80	..	..	101	90	..	..	101	90	..	..	97	94	101	90	101	90	102	89
Warwick	107	80	87	68	..	..	87	68	..	..	87	68	..	..	87	68	86	66	87	68	89	43
Wrightstown	159	80	114	35	2	..	114	35	2	..	114	35	2	..	115	36	115	36	115	36	116	35
Total	7722	6023	5141	6015	148	33	5442	6020	147	34	5458	6025	143	42	5520	6078	5450	6102	5491	6140	5557	6069

The Coming Man.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, lectured to a moderately sized audience on Tuesday evening at the Baptist church. She gave a short sketch of what man in the past has been, what he is now, and then gave her ideas of "The Coming Man." Of course he will be a perfect man, as nearly as possible, in every particular; will not drink whiskey, chew tobacco nor smoke cigars; will be magnanimous enough to allow women the poor privilege of voting, will do away with the drudging of housekeeping, by the federative principle, paying one person to do for many families, well, what singly they do, miserably, and at greater cost. He will improve the manner of carrying on a Presidential campaign, which as at present conducted, is less to be desired than an invasion of the cholera. The mode now, said the lecturer, is for each party to put up a candidate, and then begin throwing mud at each other keeping it up during the whole campaign in the hope that some of it will stick. This has become so well known that our ablest men, and best men, hesitate to accept a nomination for office, knowing the great risk there is of having their reputations blackened for life, even if they are successful in being elected. Poor Horace Greeley in that vile campaign of slander, when he was up for President, said: "I thought I was running for President, but I guess it must be for the penitentiary." The coming man will do away with all this by among other thing, allowing women the right of suffrage.

The labor question she considered as allied to the Slavary question, inasmuch as the laboring man is in bondage to the capitalist in so far as he is compelled to work for ruinous wages, or not work at all. Her plan of settling the difficulty, or rather the plan she thinks The Coming Man will choose, will be a co-operative one, the capitalist meeting the laborer half way, and allowing him a certain amount of interest in the business, so that when there are any profits the laborer can come in for a share. She did not say directly whether he would help pay the losses also, if there were any, or whether he would simply share the profits and let the capitalist take care of the losses, but it is presumed the one was included in the other. If, said she, the laboring men are thus to become capitalists they will need to be educated, not simply with a literary education but a practical one. It was said that the dangerous classes of this country were the ignorant, illiterate people, and a carefully prepared article in a recent Philadelphia paper, had said that if the corruption, and dishonesty was to be prevented, it was by educating the masses; that is, giving them a literary education. This was a fallacy. The public schools which were good so far as they went, were conducted with the idea that to teach the children to read and write, give them a little smattering of Greek, Latin and French, and they were prepared to go out into the world and battle for existence, instead of also teaching them some trade by which they can earn a living. So that it was not so much a lack of education that created the dangerous classe. The Savings Banks' Presidents, Life Insurance managers, and Permanent Exhibition Presidents, were men of excellent educations, but seemed only to be used to devise ways to steal [illegible] ideal of man, that if he were "smart" no matter what his character for integrity, he was the man the people honored. If it was said "that man is dishonest" the reply would be "yes we know that but then he is so smart!" Verily "smartness" covereth a multitude of sins. These Mrs. Livermore considered our most dangerous class of people, who gaining official positions use them to fill their own pockets, instead of attending to the interests confided in their keeping. The Coming Man will be the opposite of all this, and what he would be capable of achieving, was only limited by the lecturer's imagination; as among other things he will do is to replace steam by electricity, utilize the air by balloons, which would obey the will of the master and fulfil indeed, the Utopian dreams of all the poets in the past, present, and to come.

—The Woburn *Journal*, published at the late home of Miss Mary K. Stearns, whose death, at the residence of Miss Merriam, it was our sad duty to notice recently, contains the following card from the parents of the young lady:—

In this hour of affliction it is not in the power of language to fully express the deep gratitude that swells our hearts as we attempt to tender our truest thanks to all from whom favors have been received. To the medical skill exerted to its utmost to prevent the fatal blow. To the devoted band who ministered with untiring zeal to her every want and watched with a mother's tender care every changing symptom. To that labor of love in the sad care for the remains of the dear departed one and the faithful attention needful in transportation. For the universal sympathy shown by all classes in her distant home, who but seven short weeks before were strangers, we are under obligations beyond our power to cancel. To our fellow citizens whose sympathy knew no bounds, for assistance in every possible form. For the profusion of flowers from loving hearts and former associates, and to that ever dear Physician and true friend who had ever cared for this loved one with the deepest interest, prevented by distance from a renewal of that care, came as the messenger of those seeking to show renewed proof of their sympathy, bearing pecuniary aid from friends long tried and true. To one and to all in the fullness of our hearts we would say may God's choicest blessings ever rest on you. MR. & MRS. I. D. STEARNS.

—At Scottsville, Miss Josephine Warwick, of Philadelphia, formerly of Middletown, was attacked on the street and robbed by a colored ruffian on Saturday last. He grabbed the caba she held in her hand, but Miss Warwick being a brave young lady held on to her caba, which contained what money she had, and other valuables, but the colored scamp soon loosened her grip by drawing a razor across her arm, and then fled, while Miss Warwick from the loss of blood fell to the pavement in a fainting condition. She was carried into a store, and a physician was called and dressed the wound. He thinks she may recover, providing no inflamation takes place.

—The Good Intent Fire Company of Mount Holly, have purchased a second-hand No. 4 Clapp & Jones fire engine.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, November 12, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The Public School system in New York is a shame. And it is a shame, simply conditionally. With the best buildings in the world and unlimited resources at command, the Board of Education succeeds in creating a great deal of dissatisfaction. There is a statute enacted by our august Legislature which says "that any child over four years of age must be admitted to any Public School upon application of the parents or guardians." The consequence is that careless people have been crowding our schools with children who have been sent there to be nursed, and the academy has been robbing the cradle. Outside of the excessive adolescence of the majority of the pupils is the brutality of the method of education. Let us take the Twelfth street institution, for instance, which is acknowledged by all people to be the finest Public School in the city of New York. They have a Martinet system of exercises there, which would put to shame any military author who ever raved over a treatise of severe tactics. There is a piano in the building, and it is at the touch of it that the little girls—for it is exclusively a female school—perform all their evolutions. When the hour of recess comes the piano plays a march, and the children file out like grenadiers into the yard. There they play, spasmodically, subject to the call of a bell, which is sprung upon them at random moments, the object being to have the scholars in such perfect discipline that in the event of an alarm of fire, a panic would be impossible.

All this is very admirable, but little chits from four to six years of age are not the material from which to expect mathematical precision of silence at the mere clang of a bell. They are supposed additionally, to drop their hands at their sides when this signal is given, and the little girl who dares to pass her tiny hand over a furried brow, or to touch her comb, or in any way do anything which a rompish child would be apt to do, is kept in as a punishment. This is characterized as excessive excellence of school regulations in New York. I call it blank foolishness, and nothing so much pleased me as the suspension and fine of a female principal the other day who had acted like a Bashi-Bazouk, in the matter of the correction of a child whose parents had unwittingly placed her in her hands for educational purposes. During the examination of this woman, whose sole mistake in life consisted in not being a mother, it was ascertained that one of the regulations of the New York public schools is that, during a reading lesson, every pupil shall keep his or her eyes glued to the page, even if the lesson should last an hour. Dr. Sarah H. Brayton, of No. 8 St. Mark's Place, a most charming woman, of whom I have spoken previously, has twenty-five cases of educational sore eyes on hand, and they all come from the reading lesson practice. Her clientage comprises the best people in the city, and is varied enough to show that there is plenty of ocular evidence of the fact that the enforcement of asinine rules re- [illegible] five thousand [illegible] One hundred and thirty- [illegible] in this city, [illegible] looking after. What we want is to take the appointment out of the gift of the "bum" politicians; and what we want to do, furthermore, is to reconstruct the Board of Education, and to introduce into it some ideas of ventilation, of light, of heat, of humanity. When all this is done we will find that our children know quite as much, and that the Juvenile rate of mortality will be considerably lessoned.

Let me tell you something about Morrissey. He lives in a street through which John Kelly, his defeated antagonist, has to pass each day on his way to the car. On the night of the election Morrissey was taken sick, but he was not so sick to forget to have prepared for Mr. Kelly, in the morning, a little theatrical surprise. When the great sachem of Tammany Hall passed the Senator elect's house, on Wednesday, he saw a magnificent bank of flowers prominently displayed in Morrissey's window, with the word "victory" emblazoned upon it. At the same time there was a rumor flying through the city that Morrissey was dead. But he was not. Trying as the campaign has been he has been so faithfully nursed by his wife that he comes out of it in much better condition than otherwise would have been the case. When he was taken sick at the Ashland House, on Tuesday evening, he telegraphed to her one word—"elected," and he received immediately the response, "I am the happiest woman in New York." Appropos of this fidelity, it may be stated that when Mr. Morrissey was seriously debating the advisability of accepting the nomination for Senator from the Seventh District, Mrs. Morrissey told him that if he did not run she would.

Last Saturday evening the Lotus Club gave B. L. Farjeon and Joe Jefferson a dinner. I had the honor of being present, and must confess that I was a little disappointed in Farjeon. He was not a bit bright, and I didn't see in anything he said the faintest sparkle of the Dickens genius, with which he has been accredited.

To-night Mary Anderson, whose head by Matt Morgan beams from every wall, makes her metropolitan bow at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. To-night, also, Janauschek appears as *Lady Dedlock* and *Hortense*, in the *Chesney-World* dramatization of *Bleak House*. Tomorrow night Sothern drops the *Crushed Tragedian* and plays the *Hornet's Nest*; and on Wednesday the *Mother's Secret* is produced at the Union Square. Niblo's discontinues Italian Opera, and takes up a dramatization of T. S. Arthur's *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room*. Jefferson is not doing his usual business at Booth's. The Midgets—who are now called the Meade-gets—are doing a mite-y big business for such little folks. They show at Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue. SANS NOM.

☞Even if we are not smart we know what to do when troubled with a cough or cold. No doctor bills for us. We take a 25 cent note, go to the nearest drug store and buy a bottle of Bull's Cough Syrup. One dose relieves us and one bottle cures us entirely.

—Curious little incidents are found in the criminal annals of every great city, and some of them are well worthy of preservation. A Philadelphia patrolman, in passing back of a grocery in Philadelphia one night last week, noticed a window open, and while standing there in the darkness, wondering whether it was best to wake up the proprietor, who lived in the second story, or close up the shop himself, he was surprised to see a crate of eggs handed out of the window, and hear a voice ejaculate, "Take them, quick." The policeman responded "All right," in low tones, and, putting the crate down on the pavement, slyly crawled through the window, and, as he expected, collared a thief. The offender was considerably amazed to find that he had passed his plunder directly into the hands of a guardian of the peace, and gave himself up without a struggle. It has since been found that the prisoner was connected with several other robberies, some of which were very heavy, and he will probably receive full punishment.

Philadelphia Markets.

Wednesday, November 14, 5 P. M.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There was more doing, and prices were rather firmer. Minnesota extra family, medium, at $6; do do., good, at $6 25; do. do. choice, at $6 50; do. do., fancy, at $6 75; Patent at $8 75 a 9 50; Pennsylvania do. do., good, at $6 75; do. do., choice and fancy, at $7; Ohio do. do., good, at $6 50; do. do., choice, at $6 75; do. do., fancy, at $7, and other high grades at $8 75. Rye Flour is weak. Sales at $4 25. Corn Meal.—But little doing. We quote "Brinton's" at $3 25.

GRAIN.—Wheat is firm, but there is no change in prices. The want of stock restricts business. Pennsylvania red at $1 43; Delaware do., prime, at $1 45½; Southern amber at $1 47; Western do., at $1 44 a 1 45; Pennsylvania do. at $1 55½, and Western white at $1 45 a 1 55, as to quality. Rye comes in slowly, and ranges from 70 to 74c. Corn.—The demand, both from the shippers and local millers, is good, and prices are 1c. higher. The receipts are not large, and there is but little accumulation of stock. Pennsylvania and Southern yellow, in the cars and grain depot, at 63 a 63½c; Southern do., damp, new, at 52 a 5 c.; Western mixed at 62 c 61c.; steamer, new, at 58c. Oats are higher, in consequence of light receipts and offerings. Western white, in lots, at 36½ a 40c. and Western light mixed at 35½c.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Monday Evening, November 12, 1877.

The Cattle market was rather dull this week, but prices were without essential change; 2000 head arrived and sold at the West Philadelphia Drove Yard at 6 a 6½c. for extra Pennsylvania and Western steers, 5½ a 5½c. for fair to good do., and 4 a 5c. per lb. gross for common, as to quality. Sheep were steady at 4 a 5½c. per lb. gross, as to condition. Hogs were rather dull at 6½c. for common, up to 7½c. for good.

At the North Philadelphia Drove Yard Beef Cattle were dull and sold at 4 a 6½c. per lb. gross, as to quality. Sheep were in fair demand and sold at 4½ a 5½c. per lb., as to quality. Hogs were unchanged and sold at from 6½ a 7½c. per lb.

FARMERS' HAY AND STRAW MARKET for the past week: Loads of Hay, 195; Straw, 51 loads. Average price during week: Prime Timothy, 80c. a 95c; Mixed, 70c. to 80c. Straw, 60c. a 75c. per 100 lbs.

☞Babies ought to be well taken care of, their system does not allow the slightest neglect. If your Baby suffers from Colic or Bowel Disorders, procure a bottle of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, a simple but always reliable remedy. Only 25 cents.

☞Elegant Waterproofs, 75 cents a yard, same as other stores sell at $1.25, at Wood's Cheap Store, Bristol.

☞From a Russian importer, 5,000 yards of genuine Russia Crash, at 12½ cents, slightly damaged by water, worth 16 and 18 cents, at Wood's Cheap Store, Bristol.

☞For cheap clothing go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞For clothing made to order from samples, go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞For cheap hats go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞Dobbins' starch polish, which gives that brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work, is for sale in Bristol, at J. Wesley Wright's store. It costs but little to try it.

MARRIED.

BROADHURST—LOVETT.—Tenth-mo. 25th, 1877, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Friends ceremony, Horace G. Broadhurst, of Buckingham, to Fannie Lovett, of Lower Makefield.

New Advertisements.

Orders Taken for Threshers and Cleaners,

GRAIN FANS, CLOVER HULLERS AND STEMMERS, POWER WOOD SAWS and other heavy farm machinery; also on hand Clothes Wringers, Washing Machines, &c., &c. Clothes Wringers repaired at

J. W. CORNELL & CO.'S, Implement Warehouse, 88 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J. Sausage Making Machinery.

A Cordial Invitation

IS extended to the readers of this paper when in Trenton to visit the Jewelry Palace of Messrs.

COOK & JAQUES, On State Street, And view their fine display of

Artistic Jewelry,

And choice designs of ladies' and gentlemen's Gold Watches and Chains. Their selection of Roman Gold Neck Chains, Crosses, Lockets, and full Roman setts of Jewelry, Ear Rings, Buttons and Studs are superior to any found in the State. They are of rich designs, and goods that are rare to find. They are constantly adding new and fresh goods to their stock for the Holiday Trade in Clocks, Bronzes for mantle outfits, which make a very beautiful Bridal or Christmas Present, as well as choice peices of Sterling Silver, new and elegant designs of Silver, Individual Salt Distributors, Soup Ladles, etc. Diamond Rings, and plain 18k. Engagement Rings always on hand. Cook & Jaques ask you to call and look at what they have, and they will try and please you in everything you want, and make prices as low as the quality will allow. Christmas is coming, and we have just what you all want. 89

The Annual Meeting OF THE Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association Will be held in FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE, Corner Market and Wood Sts., BRISTOL, PA., On Friday, November 23d, At 3:15 in the afternoon, and 7:30 in the evening.

LUCY STONE,
MARY GREW,
ADA C. BOWLES,
LELIA E. PATRIDGE,
REV. B. F. BOWLES,

And others, will speak.

The public invited. 88

IF YOU WISH TO MAKE A PRESENT That will be useful, give a NICKLE-PLATED READING LAMP, Or one of our celebrated Library Lamps. If you do not know what to give, come here and you will find 1,000 Useful and Ornamental Articles in Solid Silver, Triple Plate, French Bronzes, Bohemian Glass and Parian Marble.

A. J. WIDENER, [illegible] Second St., Phila'a.

For Sale.

A DESIRABLE Three-Story Brick Dwelling House and Store on Mill Street. 20 feet front by 36 deep; Kitchen 14 by 20. All in good repair. For terms, which will be made very easy, apply to JAMES V. FOSTER, Bristol. 67

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks County. BRISTOL, PA., Nov. 6th, 1877.

THE Directors have this day declared a Dividend of Six per cent. payable to the stockholders on demand, clear of taxes. C. T. IREDELL, Cashier. 85

SALE! SALE!! OF STORE GOODS! Thursday, November 15, 1877.

ON the above date I will sell at AUCTION, my entire stock of Dry Goods, TRIMMINGS, NOTIONS, &c.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, and continue until all is sold. WM. G. ALLEN, Corner Mill and Wood Sts. Be on hand and secure bargains. 82

H. A. BRADFIELD, Mill Street near the Canal Bridge, AGENT FOR Decker Bros., Steck, Bradbury and Haines Bros. PIANOS, and The Mason & Hamlin Organs.

Prices cheap as the cheapest, and almost any make of instrument obtained very low. A complete stock of VIOLIN STRINGS. Best Italian Strings, $1 per set, sent by mail on receipt of price. Also Musical Publications of all kinds, Sheet Music, Books, etc. Singer Improved Sewing Machines For sale—down to $30. Call and see them. 74

Miscellaneous.

IMPORTANT TO BUYERS!

We have now open and ready for sale, a very choice line of seasonable DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, CASSIMERES, BLANKETS, COMFORTABLES, FLANNELS, UNDERWEAR FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, NOTIONS AND HOSIERY. Also, an Elegant Stock of DOMESTIC AND LINEN GOODS, which will be offered to buyers at such prices as will, we think, entirely satisfy the popular demand for low prices.

"We buy and sell for Cash."
"We buy as Cheap as we can."
"We sell as low as the lowest."
"Our stock is large and varied."
"Our Stores very accessible."

When next in the City please call and see the goods and the prices.

And Oblige JOHN MOORE & CO., 517 & 519 North Second Street, above Noble, PHILADELPHIA. 23

NEARLY ONE MILLION DOLLARS —IN— DRY GOODS —AT— Grand Depot, Thirteenth Street, TO BE SOLD AT POPULAR PRICES.

Twenty-eight Merchandise Departments fully stocked with DRY GOODS, COSTUMES, COATS, FANCY GOODS, SHOES, CHILDREN'S AND GENTS' CLOTHING, HATS, &c.

Each section has been carefully filled with seasonable new goods.

Many of our goods are our own importation. Almost every steamer lately arriving at our port has brought us goods selected by our own European buyer.

Satisfaction in every instance guaranteed on all purchases.

Buyers can afford to come at least fifty miles from the country, as they will save by their purchases all their traveling expenses, and have the choice of the newest and freshest goods, with all the city stores to select from.

Consumers, in their purchases from us, generally have the goods direct from the manufacturers through our hands. We aim to be the agents for the manufacturers.

Improvements since last spring have been made in almost every department.

NOTE.—The latest things from the Paris Dressmakers, Worth and others, have just arrived. They are really exquisite in material, form and finish.

The ladies and those who have the family buying to do, will find it worth while to notice these few interesting items about some of the goods.

HINTS ABOUT BLACK SILKS.—So many goods offered now-a-days are weighted with lead and chemical substances, that great caution must be exercised in buying. We have taken exceeding great pains to get pure and good Silks for our customers.

We recently received an excellent bargain lot, which we are cutting at $1 per yard.

COLORED SILKS. All the new Autumn Shades from best makers in this designed to blend properly with velvets. The $1.25 grade is the cheapest yet offered.

VELVETS—Very few people are judges of these costly goods. If a good article is gotten, it wears for a life-time. Our Velvets were made for us from pure Italian Silk, and are superb, noble goods.

NOVELTIES IN EMBOSSED VELVETS. The Blacks range in price from $1 to $15 per yard, and the colors are perfectly magnificent in GARNETS, MAROON, MYRTLE, BROWNS, OLIVES, BLUES, &c.

MOURNING GOODS—Cashmeres of qualities that only very rich people used to buy, can now be had so low that purchasers cannot believe that they are good, but we can guarantee every piece we sell to be of standard and reliable qualities. There is no use for people to pay for a name or brand when equal qualities, that have been tested and can be fully guaranteed, are sold so much cheaper. Our 60 cent quality for Merinoes and Cashmeres is a decided bargain.

FRENCH AND BRITISH DRESS STUFFS—Snow Flakes, Damasse, Matalasse, Armures, and different fabrics of hundreds of designs to suit tasteful young ladies, grave matrons and plainest persons.

The most refined tastes will be gratified with the selection of our buyers.

Ask to see the 60 cent Merino we are selling.

CHILDREN'S COATS—Besides the 200 styles Ladies' Coats, every color, quality and shape, we have a beautiful assortment of Children's and Misses' Coats.

SHAWLS—Besides the very full line of 'INDIAS,' which are cheaper than ever before known, a careful inspection of our varied stock in Blankets, Chenille, Berlin Worsted, Himalayan and Children's Shawls, will convince all that this department is ready with a carefully selected stock.

Note—Our All-Wool Beaver Shawl at $3 is considered a decided bargain.

LINEN GOODS—We pride ourselves on the Linen Stock. Having imported largely of Tablecloths, Towelings, Napkins, Tea and Glass Cloths, we offer extraordinary goods in novelties of patterns and cheapness for quality.

The quarter-dollar Huck Towel is astonishingly cheap.

THOSE WHO ARE ABOUT FURNISHING HOUSES should see the Lace Curtains we imported from St. Gallen and Nottingham.—They are quite new in design, and at prices a long distance below the old charges for same articles. In this Department we are showing rare and beautiful Cretonnes, Terry, Reps, Plushes, Piano and Table Covers, gorgeously embroidered and most moderate in price.

RIBBONS—A full stock Fall and Winter shades to match the new shades in Silks and Dress Goods; Fancy Satin double-face Ribbons, in all widths; Roman and Fancy Plaid Sash Ribbons, full quality, at lower prices than usual. Think of all Silk Sash Ribbons at 29 cents per yard.

CLOAKINGS—We have the most elegant Matelasses, for Ladies' Coats, and Beavers of every grade. Our Woolen Goods, by the yard, are very cheap, as we are such large buyers of this class of goods. Scotch Plaid Cloakings at $1.38 per yard. The $1 Waterproofs are great bargains.

LITTLE CHILDREN'S CLOTHING — Besides Men's and Youths' Clothing, we have a special department for Little Suits and Children's Hats, and great attention is paid to this part of the business.

We have the latest New York and Philadelphia styles.

GLOVES—Just received, a very full line of Ladies' Gentlemen's and Children's French Cloth Gloves.

Our Kid Gloves embrace some of the best brands. Jouvin's first quality two buttons at $1.25. Full line of Men's one and two button Castor and Dog-skin Gloves, lined and unlined.

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.—Children's, Misses', Ladies' and Gents' Hosiery and Underwear in enormous assortment. Waller's full regular Balbriggan Hose at 31 cents are extremely cheap. Men's Shirts and Drawers at 50 cents, and for Boys at 40 cents.

BLANKETS—We offer at $5 a superb Blanket. For our special sales we had manufactured a grand article that will bear critical comparison with anything yet seen. All qualities of Blankets, up to $22 per pair.

MUSLINS AND FLANNELS—All makes, widths and weights, at the right prices. Not too much for one make and too little for another unknown, but good make and the right price for all, so that a child can safely buy.

SHALL BE PLEASED TO HAVE THE PEOPLE COME AND SEE THESE GOODS.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

[illegible] Orphans' Court of the City and County of Philadelphia, will be sold at Public Sale, on FIFTH-DAY, ELEVENTH-MO. 22d, 1877, on the premises, in the village of Mechanicsville, Twenty-Third Ward, Philadelphia, the following described REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY, late of Jos. Gaffney, deceased, to wit:

No. 1—Contains about Four and a Half Acres of Excellent land, upon which is erected a substantial 2½ story Stone House with Frame Kitchen attached, a large stone Barn and Wagon House, all in good repair. There is a never-failing well of water both at house and barn, also a Young Orchard. A very desirable property. Sold subject to Mortgage of $400.

No. 2—Contains a 2½ story part stone and part frame House and garden, a well of good water. House suitable for two families. Nos. 2, 3 and 4 sold subject to Mortgage of $400.

No. 3—Contains 1½ story Frame House, and Shop and Garden.

No. 4—Is a Building Lot and Good Orchard in prime of bearing, adjoining Nos. 2 and 3, and will be sold seperately or together as will best suit purchasers.

☞The above properties have all been put in good repair within a few years, and are well worth the attention of persons desiring to invest in Real Estate. Situated in the thriving village of Mechanicsville, 3 miles from Cornwells Station, Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad, 3½ miles from Andalusia Landing, on the Delaware river, convenient to Schools, Churches, Mills, Stores, &c. Also, at the same time and place the following PERSONAL PROPERTY, to wit:—One-horse Market Wagon, Jagger Wagon, one-horse Farm Wagon, Carriage, Sleigh, Harness in variety, Hay Forks, Rakes and Shovels. HOUSEHOLD GOODS AND KITCHEN FURNITURE, consisting of Beds, Bedsteads, Bureau, Settee, Chairs, 3 Stoves, Pots and Kettles, Buckets, Sausage Cutter, Molasses and Vinegar Barrels, Brooms, Store Fixtures, Counter, 3 pair of Scales, Steelyards, weighing 100 pounds, Boxes, Canisters, Salt, and many other articles belonging to said Estate, all of which will be hunted up and sold without reserve.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock. Conditions at sale by LESTER COMLEY, Administrator. JESSE G. WEBSTER, Auctioneer.

Public Sale of REAL ESTATE!

By virtue of a Deed of Assignment duly executed by George E. Weiss and wife, we will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on FOURTH-DAY, (WEDNESDAY), NOVEMBER 21, 1877, A VALUABLE TRUCK AND GRAIN FARM, containing FIFTY-THREE ACRES OF LAND, more or less, in a good state of cultivation, without waste, with lasting water at house and barn, and a stream passing through it, situated on the Byberry and Bensalem turnpike road 12 miles from Philadelphia, 2 miles from Pennsylvania R. R. at Bustleton, 2½ miles from Somerton Station on Bound Brook road, 4 miles from Torresdale, on the river Delaware, adjoining lands of Watson Tomlinson, John Tomlinson, and others.

The improvements are a commodious 2½ story Stone and Frame House, containing 12 rooms, frame Barn, stone Stable high, Hay House, Wagon House, Corn Cribs, Hog Pen, Wood House, Spring House near dwelling, with room over suitable for a work shop, all in good repair. An Apple Orchard just in prime of bearing, with a variety of other fruit trees, large asparagus bed. It is seldom a property like this is in the market, and is well worth the attention of buyers desiring to invest in real estate in a good neighborhood, convenient to places of worship, schools, and mechanics of all kinds, and will positively be sold. Terms easy, and conditions made known by SILAS TOMLINSON, LESTER COMLY, Assignees.

Sale at 2 o'clock. E. TOMLINSON, Auctioneer. Byberry, Tenth-mo. 29, 1877. 81

Assignees's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that ALBERT B. BRADFORD, of Falls Township, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and Mary E. his wife, by deed of voluntary assignment, have assigned all the estate, real and personal, of the said Albert B. Bradford, to John C. Stuckert, of Bristol Borough, in said county, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said Albert B. Bradford. All persons therefore indebted to the said Albert B. Bradford will make payment to the said Assignee, and those having claims or demands will make known the same, without delay. J. C. STUCKERT, Assignee of Albert B. Bradford. 71

Continuing the excellence of the past, the publishers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY announce, for the year to come, the following papers:

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF AMERICAN FARM LIFE.—This subject will be treated in a series of separate papers engaged from writers who stand in the front rank among Americans, both in qualities of style and in keen insight of nature. Mr. R. E. Robinson, author of a delightful paper on "Fox-Hunting in New England" in the January number, will represent the same section in this series. John Burroughs, whose papers on similar topics have been a highly prized and popular feature of SCRIBNER will write of Farm Life in New-York. Maurice Thompson, the poet-naturalist will describe the characteristics of Western farming of which but little has been written. It is expected that the illustration of this series will be of a refined and typical character, commensurate with the subject-matter. It is thought that no paper or series of papers yet issued in SCRIBNER will so fully realize the constant desire of the magazine to keep out of the ruts, and, both in text and illustrations, to obtain quality, rather than quantity, and to print fresh, strong and delicate work from original sources.

"ROXY," by EDWARD EGGLESTON author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," &c.). This new novel will doubtless be the most important American serial of the year. The first number was published in November. Those who have read it in manuscript declare ROXY to be much the most striking and remarkable story this author has ever written. It is illustrated by one of the ablest of the younger American painters—Mr. Walter Shirlaw, President of "The American Art Association."

AMERICAN SPORTS.—Some of the most novel and entertaining of these papers are yet to appear, the scenes of which will be in the West, the Middle States, the South, New England and Canada.

OUT-OF-DOOR PAPERS,—by John Burroughs, author of "Wake Robin," &c., will contain not only articles on Birds, but on "Tramping," "Camping Out," and kindred topics. Mr. Burroughs's papers will begin in the January number, the first being entitled "Birds and Birds," and illustrated by Fidelia Bridges.

ARCHITECTURE OF BIRDS.—Dr Thomas M. Brewer will contribute four exquisitely illustrated articles on birds'-nests, which every lover of nature will delight in. Dr. Brewer has probably the finest collection of birds' eggs in the world to draw upon for the illustration of these papers.

THE SADDLE HORSE.—Col. George E. Waring, with whose excellent work of various sorts our readers are familiar, contributes two illustrated articles on the horse. He treats specially of saddle-horses and their use for pleasure and for sport, including road-riding, fox-hunting and racing. The nature of the English thoroughbred and that of his Eastern progenitor (the Arabian) are fully considered in relation to these uses.

SAXE HOLM.—New stories by this popular writer will be given in early numbers of SCRIBNER, beginning with "Joe Hale's Red Stockings," to appear in January. This "novelette" chronicles an episode of the late war for the Union.

"HIS INHERITANCE,"—By Adelaide Trafton, so well begun in the Midsummer Holiday number, will be continued nearly through the year. It will be found to be of increasing interest to the very end.

"A KNIGHT OF FORTUNE,"—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyeson's new novel—will be begun in SCRIBNER at the conclusion of "His Inheritance." It will reveal a phase of American society undreamed of by most of our readers, and will be certain to increase the reputation of the writer as a master of English and of his art.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS will continue to employ the ablest pens in America, and will include the present admirably summary of English publications. Besides the special articles above enumerated, the magazine will contain Poems, Sketches, Essays, Reviews, and shorter Stories of the highest character. A large practical reduction in price is made by an increase in the number of pages.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS of the MAGAZINE, in variety and excellence of design and in typographical execution, will continue to be in advance of those of any other popular magazine at home or abroad.

Subscription price, $4,00 a year, payable in advance to user to any book-seller.

No club rates or any other discounts to subscribers. The Magazine is worth all it costs, and its circulation is increasing in a constant and steady ratio from year to year.

SCRIBNER & CO., 743 Broadway, New-York.

FRANK P. ADAMS, GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT, No. 10 Wood Street, BRISTOL, PA.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

From the Home Journal.

ACROSS THE BAY.

BY OPHELIA FORWARD.

Only a reach from out the mere—
Three little leagues from sand to sand—
But all the starry hemisphere
Lies in its hollow hand.

Toward the low moon, a shortened track
Glimmers like silver set in steel;
But all the spaces echo back
The soundings of the kneel,

Asoutward, slipping from the quay,
It presses to the other side,
Across the narrow reach of sea:
Alas! to me how wide!

Upfrightened from his sleepy sedge
A bird floats by on heavy wing,
And gaining, first, the shelvy edge,
Mocks our slow westering.

O, mirror back your pallid stars,
Build your bright ladders to the moon,
And echo from your sandy bars
The laughter of the loon,

Calm waters of the Delaware!
But hide secure in caves below
The spectre of my life's despair
Lest happy men may know.

Lest her sweet sense, in guileless way,
The secret of my madness find;
And why I speed across the bay
And leave her love behind.

A CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.

It was suggested some years ago by Liebig that the use of cod-liver oil would have a tendency to promote a distaste for alcoholic stimulants. According to the same authority many people had found they could take wine with animal food, but not with farinaceous or amylaceous nutriment. A well-known man of science, Mr. Charles Napier, has undertaken to test these assertions, and the results of his experiments are set forth in a paper read before the pysiological section of the British Association, and which has attracted much attention in England.

The experience of Mr. Napier's own family had furnished a seeming proof of the accuracy of Liebig's statement. They had for two years adopted a vegetarian diet, and although brought up in the moderate use of alcoholic liquors now felt no inclination for them. More decisive evidence, however, was supplied by the application of the theory to twenty-seven cases, the more striking of which may be briefly cited. The first instance is that of a military officer, 61 years old, of an aristocratic Scottish family, who had contracted habits of excessive whiskey drinking while on service with his regiment in India. We are told that his custom was to eat scarcely any bread, fat or vegetables, his breakfast consisting mostly of salt fish, and his dinner almost wholly of roast meat. During the day he consumed from a pint to a quart of whiskey, and was not sober more than half his time. By Napier's advice he was induced to return to the breakfast of oatmeal porridge on which he had been brought up, and to adopt a dinner of which peas and beans formed important ingredients. He does not seem to have liked the change at first, and made the significant complaint that he could not "enjoy his whiskey" as much as formerly. About this time there was a panic among flesh eaters in England owing to the cattle plague, and, consequently, the whole family was put on a vegetarian diet. For some weeks the husband grumbled very much, but his taste for whiskey gradually disappeared, and in two months from the time he became an entire vegetarian he relinquished alcoholic stimulants, and according to Mr. Napier, has not since returned to either flesh or alcohol.

Another case which merits special notice was that of a gentleman of sixty who had been addicted to intemperate habits for thirty-five years, his outbreaks averaging one a week. His constitution was so shattered that he had great difficulty in insuring his life. After an attack of delirium tremens, which nearly ended fatally, he was persuaded to enter upon a farinaceous diet, which, we are assured, cured him completely in seven months. He seems to have been very thin at the beginning of the experiment, but by the close of the period named had gained twenty eight pounds, being then of about the normal weight for a person of his height. We shall mention but one other of the twenty-seven cases reported by Mr. Napier. It is that of an analytical chemist, 32 years of age, who is described as a person of some talent but of intemperate habits. Upon Liebig's statement being recalled to him, he expressed an opinion that farinaceous food would not suit his own constitution, affirming that he felt he had eaten nothing unless he dined largely upon flesh. He consented, however, to test the suggestion by a month's trial. His first dinner, which consisted principally of maccaroni, was eaten with little appetite, but he persevered, contriving to stimulate a desire for food by vigorous out-door exercise, and before the end of six weeks was a total abstainer.

It is not pretended that these experiments were numerous enough or performed under such diverse conditions as to completely demonstrate the truth of Liebig's theory; but they certainly indicate that substantial results may be expected from an exhaustive application of them. Among the articles of food which are specified by Mr. Napier as pre-eminent for antagonism to alcohol are macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas, and lentils, all of which should be well boiled, and flavored with plenty of butter or olive oil. The various garden vegetables are said to be helpful, but a diet mainly composed of them would not resist the tendency to intemperance so effectually as one of macaroni and farinaceous food. From this point of view, highly glutinous bread would be of great utility, but it should not be sour, such acidity being calculated to foster the habit of alcoholic drinking. A like remark may be applied to the use of salted food.

If we inquire the cause of a vegetarian's alleged disinclination to alcoholic liquors, we find that the carbonaceous starch contained in the macaroni, beans, or oleaginous aliments, appears to render unnecessary, and therefore repulsive, carbon in an alcoholic form. Liebig affirms distinctly that alcohol and fat oil mutually impede the secretion of each other through the skin and lungs. It is certain that people of the north of France consume a large amount of alcohol per head, nearly as much indeed as the inhabitants of any part of Europe. Now it is observed that in Normandy and Picardy the bread is very generally raised with vinegar, and there is reason to believe that one class of fermented food attracts another. Finally, it is pointed out by Mr. Napier, as a matter of common experience, that a taste for spicy condiments and butcher's meat is apt to be coupled with a fondness for alcoholic liquors, whereas a taste for plain flavored vegetables is associated with a liking for fats and oils. And here he refers to several persons within the circle of his acquaintance who were in the habit of taking wine daily when eating butcher's meat, but who are constrained to forego the indulgence, partially or wholly, when living on a farinaceous diet. Under the new circumstances the action of the stimulant seems to be too irritating to be borne without great inconveniences, producing, as it does, sleeplessness, headache, and even nausea. We need not say that the reality of this phenomenon, as well as the accuracy of other facts here cited, could be easily determined by individual experiment.

It is forty years and six months since her Majesty Queen Victoria succeeded to the crown of England. Already she has but four predecessors who have reigned longer (viz), Henry III, George III, Edward III., and Queen Elizabeth, and the vigor and independence of Queen Vic seem to portend that she may yet lead the van. She can already boast a reign of peace unequalled, not having been at war for thirty-eight years of the period. Who says woman is the disturbing element and man the peace-maker in this noisy world?

PLAIN MINCE-MEAT.—Procure a good piece of beef without bone, and cover with boiling water; let simmer until tender and the water nearly exhausted; do not let it brown; when cold mince fine, rejecting all fat; save the water, and when cold, take the fat from it and put the water on the meat. To one bowlful meat add two bowlfuls minced, juicy apples, one bowlful raisins, one half bowlful currants, and one teacupful minced suet; sugar and spice to taste, a pinch of salt, and cider sufficient to moisten.

TO WASH RED FLANNEL.—Make a warm suds; use very little soap (it hardens the flannel); add a teaspoonful of pulverized borax to every pail of water; rub on the board, or, if possible, only with the hands; rinse in one plain warm water; wring or press very dry; shake well before hanging in a shady place to dry.

CHEAP RASBERRY JELLY.—Boil one-fourth pound of dried raspberries in a pint of water for about 10 minutes, then strain; bring the juice to a boil, sweeten to taste, and stir into it about two table-spoonfuls of corn-starch; after taking it off the fire stir a minute or two; when cold it is ready for use.

"Mr. Prisidint," said a delegate in the "Independent" Democratic State convention at Brooklyn last Wednesday evening, "I think we should adjourn until Saturday night. There are as minny as fifteen dilgates here in this convention who are absent."

"But even death, my brethren, so well-deserved by mankind for their sins, the wisdom of Providence has, in its paternal kindness, put at the end of our existence; for only think what life would be worth if death were at the beginning."

THE MYSTERY OF THE FLOWERS.

For several mornings last summer a reporter of *The World* found it necessary to cross the Desbrosses street ferry, from Jersey City to New York, at an early hour. Upon each of these occasions he observed a short, broad-shouldered young man, with round, good-humored face, clear gray eyes and curly yellow hair seated carelessly on the railing of the boat, near the bow, upon the side seared to gentlemen who smoke, puffing away contentedly at a short briar-wood pipe, blacked with long service. But it was not the pipe nor the man who smoked it that first attracted the reporter's attention. It was a huge boquet of bright but cheap flowers, which the young man invariably carried in his right hand. He did not seem to be particularly fond of flowers either. He did not seem to be particularly fond of flowers either. He was never observed to look at them with any especial admiration, he never smelled of them and he carried the flowers in an awkward way, head downwards, as though the bunch were a heavy-headed club. As soon as the boat struck the landing, and the intricate iron gate had been shut up like a fan, he would leap lightly down from his perilous perch on the rail and walk briskly up one of the cross town streets.

What a young man, who was evidently going to his daily work, wanted of a boquet of flowers as large as a cabbage, and which he carried as one would naturally carry that useful but uninteresting vegetable by the stalk, puzzled the reporter. One morning he leaned carelessly over the rail of the ferry-boat next to the unconscious cause of all his unsatisfied curiosity, and inhaled the mingled perfume of his pipe and flowers. When the boat had made her landing the Flower-Bearer, as he had been dubbed in default of any other name, walked rapidly away in his accustomed manner, and the reporter followed him at a safe distance for observation. Soon a region given up to malodorous and forbidding tenement houses was reached, and before half a block had been traversed a bare-legged little girl, guiltless of any head-covering save her tangled hair, who stood at the next corner and seemed to be a sentinel on duty, set up a shrill shout and ran rapidly towards the young man, crying at the top of her voice:

"Year 'e comes, year comes the man with the flowers." and at her call appeared innumerable children. Ragged and dirty little urchins they were, rising from damp areas, rushing around corners, scrambling from dark alleys, tumbling out of dark hallways, and all scampering like mad to be first to meet the Flower-Bearer.

"Oh, mister," said the bare-legged, tangle-haired little girl, who had acted as sentinel, "gimme the purtiest flower y'ev got, cause I seen ye furst. Please won't ye, mister?"

The young man had stopped by this time, and was surrounded by a motley throng of scrambling children, of all ages, from twelve years old down to a little chap who toddled around the outskirts of the crowd upon his little bow-legs, reaching up a pudgy, grimy fist and petitioning for a "fowa;" while his big sister, who had deserted him, stood in the centre of the press and called for her flowers with all the importunity of an Arab demanding backsheesh.

"Now, young 'uns," said the young man, with a smile on his good-natured face, "play fair, and don't snatch. Don't one of you snatch."

"Oh, no, sir; we won't sir," chorused the children.

"Here, Goliah," said he, with a laugh to the toddler who owned the pudgy fist, "you shall have the first one, because if I don't give you one right off you'll just let your strength out and rob some of these little girls. Goliah shut his diminutive fist tightly about the stem of the flower, and if he did not appreciate the joke he did the gift.

"Now, Nan Good for Nothing, as you saw me first I'll give you the second flower," said he handing the tow-headed sentinel a flaming sword of gladiolus.

"Thank'ee sir," said Nan, marching out of the crowd with her sword at her shoulder.

"And Mose, you can take this," said he handing a flower to a sturdy, red-shirted little fellow.

"And Jennie this, and Charlie this, and Mollie this," continued he, evidently inventing names as he went along until all the ragged crowd was supplied. When he had finished he still had one large, bright flower in his hand, which he appeared to have reserved carefully to the last. He cast a quick glance over the little crowd, but did not seem to find what he wanted. "Where's the Little 'Un?" asked he at last.

"She's sick, sir; her back's took worse," said Nan.

"His jolly face clouded. "I saved this flower for her," said he.

"Please, sir, I'll take it to her if you'll let me," said Nan, eagerly.

"Yes, you may," said he, soberly. I know she would miss it. And tell her I hope she will be well enough to come and get it for herself next Monday morning. Good by."

"Good-by, sir," and "Thank ye, sir," chorused the children as he passed on.

The reporter joined him at the next block, and spoke of what he had seen.

"Oh, that's nothing sir," was the blushing reply. "The flowers kind of pleases 'em you know. I'm sure I don't now why they should. I never cared much for bokays myself."

"How did you happen to think of giving flowers to the children then?"

"It come about very natural, sir. One day I was a walking along in a big hurry, being a little late for my work, when I saw a handsome woman, dressed beautifully, and carrying a bunch of pretty flowers, just ahead of me. A little girl, the same I call Nan the Good for Nothing, ran up to her and said: 'Miss, wont you please give me a flower. The lady didn't give her a flower, and Nan looked as though she felt so bad about it that I turned to her and said: 'Sis if you'll be here to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock I'll give you a whole bunch of flowers.' She said she would, and sure enough she was on hand, and half a dozen other young ones. I divided the flowers up among 'em and they all seemed so glad to get 'em that I got my flowers before long" (with a laugh).

"Why do you call the tow-headed little girl Nan the Good for Nothing?"

"Oh, that's a notion of mine. She reminded me of *Nan* in the play, you know. I make up names for 'em. There's little Mose; he always wears a red shirt and walks so gallus like, that I always think of Mose who ran with the machine. Then there's the Little One—she's sick now—who always puts me in mind of a little woman I once read of. She's hump-backed, and has long yellow hair just like the girl in the book."

"Your work is benevolent, and you deserve much thanks."

"Much obliged to you, sir, but I do it because it seems somehow to make the little fellers feel good, and as to the thanks, sir, I get plenty of 'em every morning; but I must hurry on or I'll be late to my work. Good morning."

Thus the mystery of the Flower-Bearer was solved.

Miscellaneous.

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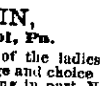

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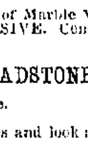

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As cheap as can be done elsewhere.

Give me a call, get my prices and look at my work before purchasing elsewhere. 780

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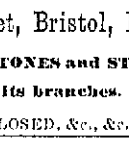

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CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED, &c., &c. 773

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PLUMBERS,

STEAM & GAS PIPE FITTERS.

Also, Dealer in Steam Heating Apparatus. Hydraulic Rams, Lift and Force Pumps of all kinds.

Repair work solicited.

For the present, orders left at the East corner of Wood and Lafayette streets, or at the office of Livingston Mills, will receive prompt attention.
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JAMES WARDEN,

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FOR YOUR

TEAS, COFFEES AND SPICES,

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GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

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Bristol Stove House,

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Stoves, Parlor Heaters,
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SPRING CITY, CENTENNIAL, AND OTHER RANGES, to set in brick.

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Repairing in Tin, Sheet Iron, or Copper, attended to promptly. Give me a call.

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Fine Groceries and Provisions,

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And in fact, everything in the Grocery Line.

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Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations. Artificial Teeth inserted in full or partial sets. 1074

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Is used for filling teeth by
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In the Mutual Plan the fees are fixed at a rate that will meet all expense and the average loss by fire. The policies being liable to assessment in case of extra losses.

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KEEPS always on hand a large supply of FRESH BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, &c. Also, Smoked Hams, Bologna Sausage, Smoked Shoulders, and Prepared Meats of all kinds.

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New Meat Shop,

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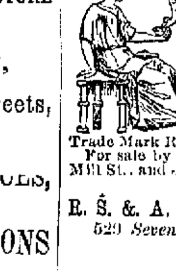
For Man or Beast.



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THIS Liniment is warranted to cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Corns, Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Contusions, Headache, Chilblains, Gout, &c., &c. There is no Ache, Pain, Sore, Swelling, Injury, &c. in man or animal it will not cure. Sold by Druggists and Country Merchants everywhere. 25 & 50 cents a bottle. Laboratory, 324 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia.

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ESTATE OF ANNA McELDERY, late of the Borough of Bristol, County of Bucks, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to
ANTHONY SWAIN, Administrator,
18 Bristol Borough.

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF JAMES TOWNSEND, late of the Borough of Bristol, County of Bucks, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to
SARAH S. TOWNSEND,
And TACIE TOWNSEND,
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